

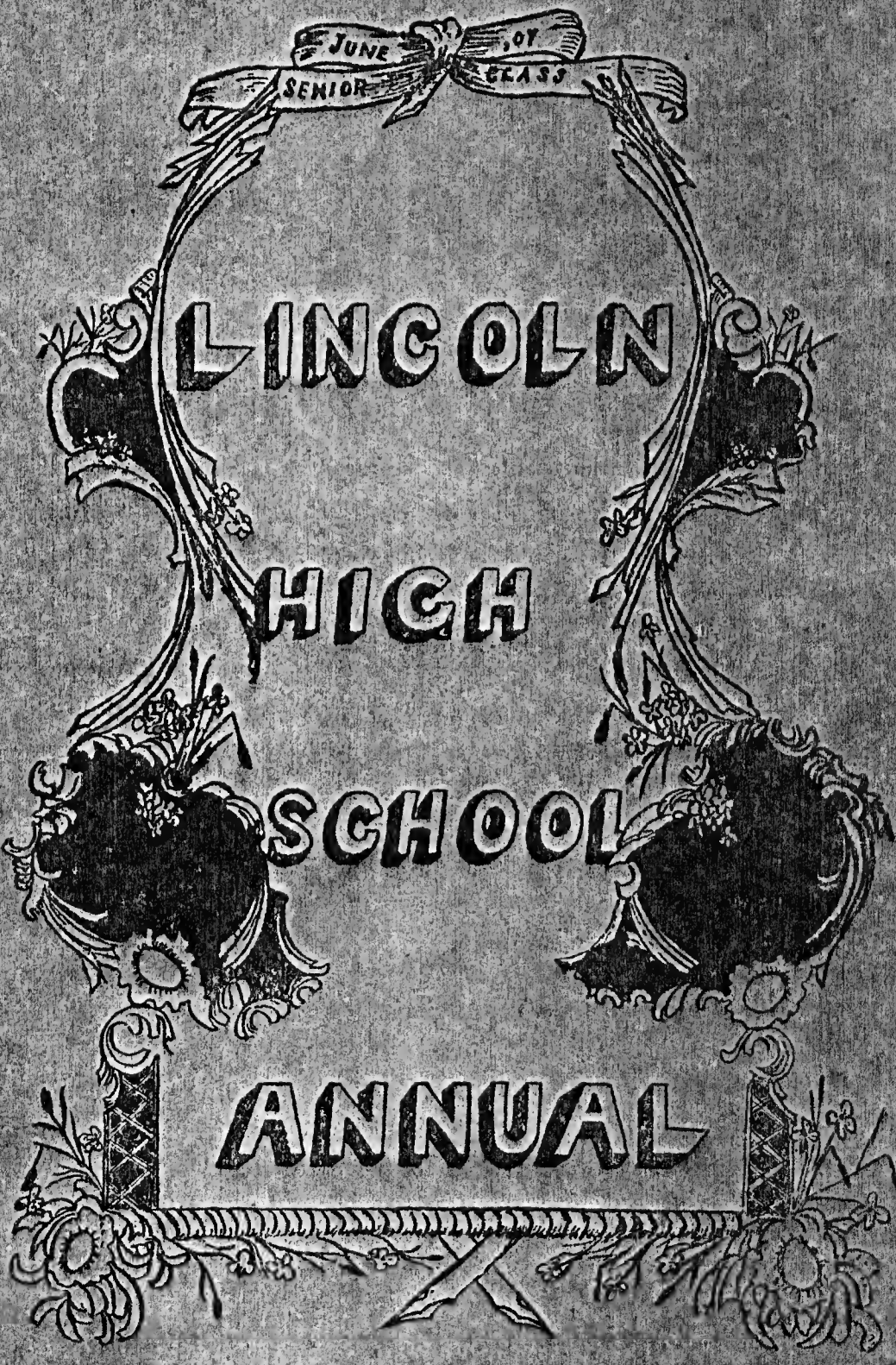
JUNE 1907
SENIOR CLASS

LINCOLN

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The Lincolnian



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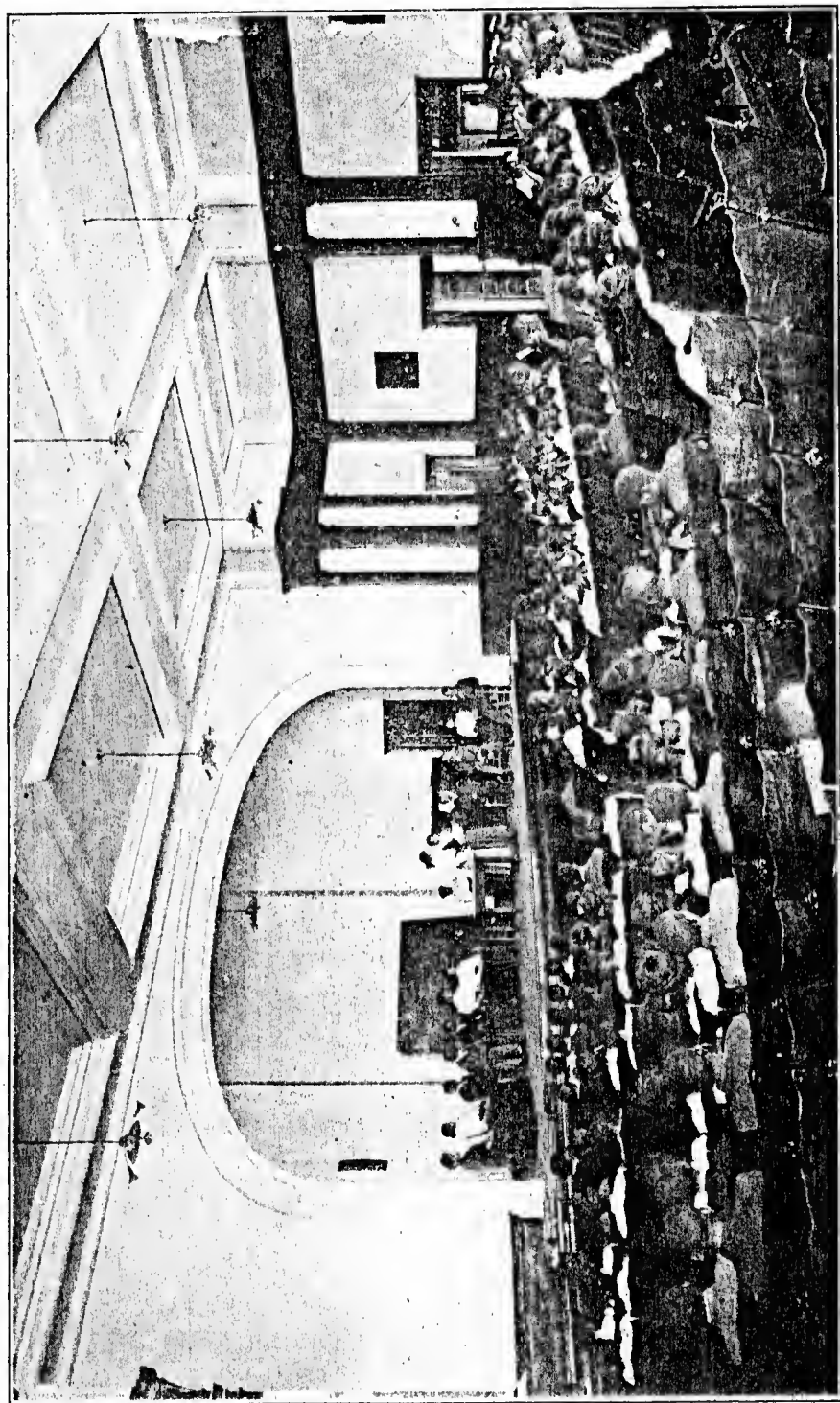
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Lincoln High Assembly Hall.

THE LINCOLNIAN

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JUNE, 1909

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Editorials.

The Lincolnian makes its fifth annual bow to the students of Lincoln High and their many friends. We are thankful for a successful year and hopeful for continued progress in every department of our Alma Mater.

The year just closed has offered many interesting and encouraging incidents to which the editor would give greater space did not he find it necessary to hasten the issue ere it was thoroughly prepared. We trust that the influence of our publications and the spirit of the students will ever keep the standards of Lincoln High in the foreground. Our graduates and student body are to be congratulated upon the equipment of our school and the growing facilities for higher and better work throughout. The faculty is to be congratulated upon the growing tendency to serious work on the part of most of the students, and the city is to be congratulated upon the presence of a force for social and moral uplift.

Our school has assisted in making the production of "Mary Magdalene" by Gerald Tyler Choral Society, one of the rarer events of the year. Musical critics all over the city without a single exception testified to the excellence and finish of the work. The following from the Post is worthy testimony to the work of the conductor and the society.

"Mary Magdalene."

All the intricacies and difficulties of oratorio were easily overcome by the Gerald Tyler Choral Society and the soloists, Miss Inez Clough, soprano; Miss Lucretia Hubbell, contralto; Mr. H. T. Burleigh, baritone, and Mr. George Holt, tenor, when they sang Massenet's "Mary Magdalene" at Central High

School this week. The chorus, which was under the direction of Gerald Tyler, director of music at Lincoln High School, proved a surprise to even the most sanguine. In every line this body of singers showed a training of the most superior character, of course like all new organizations weak spots were apparent, but on the whole the choruses were sung with a unity and attack and a finish worthy a much older organization. With a few years' singing together there can be no doubt but what under the direction of so competent a man as Mr. Tyler this organization should become one of the most proficient in the city. Miss Clough is a dramatic soprano with the reputation of being the best soprano among the singers of her race, and fully sustained that fine record. Miss Hubbell is rather modest in her claims for favor, but those present soon discovered the beauty of her voice and the proficiency of her interpretation of the character of Martha. Mr. Holt, tenor, sang in a very creditable manner the role of the Evangelist, but it remained for Mr. H. T. Burleigh, baritone, of New York, to create the evening's sensation. Mr. Burleigh has a beautiful voice, is a man of rare intelligence, and has the musical ability to sing any role in oratorio, anywhere. His elucidation of the character of Judas, insinuating, treacherous, dissembling, hypocritical as it is, was an almost perfect exposition of character portrayal. The accompanists, both Mr. Ditton of Philadelphia and Mrs. C. H. Evans, did capable work in their respective places. Mr. Tyler, director, has the good wishes for success of every musician present at the first performance of the Gerald Tyler Choral Society.

During the past few years Hon. Booker T. Washington, distinguished for his authority on race conditions and logic, has been ranked among the highest of the members of his race. His lectures and writings seemed to inspire the ambition of the members of his race who are seeking advancement. After a few years' this inspiration was increased by the profound suggestions and lectures of a most distinguished personage, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois.

At length or within the past few months the inspiration created by these two men, our most distinguished leaders, has seemingly been lifted to a height seemingly to be unsurpassed by another logician and lecturer, Prof. Kelly Miller, Professor of Mathematics and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Howard University.

Prof. Miller's recent publication of his essays on the Negro in America, known as *Race Adjustment*, can easily be compared with the best logic of our present day, touching history, poetry, education, and many other things which should be of interest to the Negro populace at large.

Commencement Day.

There is no day so longed and prepared for, and really significant in the rotation of the school years, as Commencement day. It is well known to the college and high school student. And always has a seemingly significance to this class of individuals, that none other fully realize.

To the undergraduate it is a day of a big event; a day of rejoicing and fun-making. But to the class of students, who on this day receive their diplomas signifying that they are prepared to start in pursuit of success, it is seen in an entirely different light. As the days spent in school are happy ones to the mass of students, it means that this must cease. It means that no longer trifling mistakes are to be subjected to the haughty criticism of a professor, but that these are to play an important part in the weighing and placing into lifelong positions, young men and women.

From its real meaning it means a commencing to encounter life from a standpoint of individual interest; a commencing to endure the hardships with the pleasures, with which one comes in contact during a lifetime.

Indeed, to many it is a sad event, for many ill-fated ones being carried forth to their doom, undoubtedly rue the day when it first began. But thus we go,

A Woman's Revenge.

Chapter I.

There was excitement in the great house on the hill. The servants were hurrying to and fro with frightened faces, and in her room Mrs. John Drew was lying prostrate with grief.

The cause of the disturbance was that little Mildred, her daughter, had been lost and could not be found. There was cause to believe that the child had been drowned, because her little sun hat and favorite doll was found lying on the edge of the pond. Vainly the grieved father gave orders for the pond to be dragged, but the nets came in empty. It was known that a swift whirlpool was somewhere in the pond, so they concluded that the child, after falling in the water, had been sucked in by the pool.

The child had never been allowed near the pond without being accompanied by the nurse or some older person. She and the nurse had been out all the afternoon, walking and playing around the ponds, but towards evening they had returned to the terrace where the nurse left her to go into the house. When she returned she did not see Mildred and thinking she had hidden in some place, she began to look for her. After looking in every place where she thought Mildred could be hiding, she went towards the pond. There she found the sun-hat and doll. She ran terrified to the house and without forethought she announced to the mother and father, who were then on the veranda, that Mildred had been drowned. Mrs. Drew fainted and had to be carried to her room. What followed has been already narrated.

The search for Mildred lasted for a week; then all hope was given up. The nurse gathered all the child's toys in her room and locked them up; and in the house, where only a week ago a merry little voice and little pattering footsteps echoed from room to room, there was quiet and loneliness. The mother seemed very hard to console, and each day she was worse. Finally the doctors advised Mr. Drew to take her to the seashore. So in a few weeks the multi-millionaire, his

wife and the servants were on their way to their country seat.

CHAPTER II.

Although fifteen years have passed since Mildred was lost, it seems but yesterday to the bereaved mother. Lately she has had dreams of her little girl, and in them she always seemed not dead but living. As she kept dreaming these dreams she became convinced that Mildred had not been drowned but kidnapped, although no ransom had been asked for. But soon this idea was given up for she never could hear anything of the dressmaker who disappeared soon after Mildred.

Mildred was the sole heiress to the vast estate and if she should die before her father, the estate went to Maurice Mansford, a distant relative of the family. Accordingly, after years passed on, Maurice, a young fellow about twenty-four, was sent for. He was to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Drew so that he might be taught all he should know about the estate and its tenants.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and everyone was awaiting the arrival of the young heir. Mr. Drew walked up and down the porch, thinking of how his own daughter would have proved a worthy mistress. A brave tear rolled down the man's cheek for the child he had lost, and wiping it away, he thought:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

As he looked up the carriage was just turning in the driveway and when it rolled up to the walk, a young man sprang out and walked briskly to the porch.

Maurice Mansford had for many years been supported by Mr. Drew. His father was a cousin to John Drew, and when he died Maurice was left alone, the only relative being Mr. Drew. Mr. Drew promised to see after Maurice until he was of age, for Maurice then was quite a child. He put him in boarding school and afterwards in college. Maurice had graduated when he was twenty-one, and for the last three years he was

earning his living as play-writer. When he received the letter from Mr. Drew asking him to make his home with them, at first he hesitated, then as another letter came from Mrs. Drew, he hesitated no longer, for there was a motherly feeling in it which he had never known. As he walked up to the veranda and shook hands with Mr. Drew he knew the man had a kind heart, and Mr. Drew thought as he looked into the boy's honest eyes that he, too, would make a good master of the Drew estate.

Dinner was announced and Mrs. Drew came down. Very stately she looked, descending the stairs, in her rich black silk, and very affectionately she greeted Maurice. They went in to dinner and Maurice told them about a play he was writing, and what a fine little actress he had found for the leading part. "And," said he, "she is so beautiful and refined that I think she must have god blood in her veins. But when I asked her about her relatives she knew nothing about them, except an aunt who had died a few weeks before her engagement. After dinner Mr. Drew took Maurice over the estate and he pointed out with pride the beauties of the old home.

Weeks passed on and in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Drew Maurice had found Mrs. Drew that he wanted to have a private rehearsal with his star, and asked a warm place. One day Maurice told her if he might ask the girl to come there. "And," he added, "when she comes I know you will like her, because you are so kind and good. I almost wish she didn't have to go on the stage," he added as if to himself. Mrs. Drew knew that Cupid had been shooting his arrows, by the boy's earnest conversation. "Certainly, she can come," said she. "And stay until the play is put on. What is the name of your star?" "Winnipeg Winter," replied Maurice. "Don't you think it's rather pretty?" "Yes," said Mrs. Drew, and she patted the boy's shoulder affectionately. "It's very pretty. I must go and dress for dinner, but you may be sure that little Winnifred Winters will be welcomed." "Thank you," said Maurice as he kissed the hand that had patted his shoulder. Little did

either think what the coming of Winifred Winters would bring forth.

CHAPTER III.

The sun rose beautifully over the trees and it promised a very warm day. Mrs. Drew arose with the sun, for she had much to do. Today was the day set for the arrival of Winifred and Mrs. Drew wanted to see that everything was made ready for her. She wondered why she felt so happy, for she hadn't felt so for years. At first Mr. Drew refused to have an actress in the house, but he was won over, because he, too, was very fond of Maurice and would do anything to please him. A beautiful room was prepared for the girl, for Mrs. Drew had written to her asking her to stay a few weeks. In reply to her letter she received this note:

Benton Hotel, New York, N. Y.

July 7, '06.

Dear Mrs. Drew:—

I received your kind letter and was very much impressed by it. Although I never knew my mother and father, still I have a portrait of my mother and I think as I read your letter, she must have been somewhat like you. Your letter made me feel how much I have lost in not knowing a mother's love. Thanking you again for your kind invitation,

I am yours,

Winifred Winters.

Although Mrs. Drew did not know it, it was the little note that made her so happy. She went about putting things in order, and when evening came the family gathered on the veranda to await the arrival of the guest. At last she came and Maurice, not waiting for the carriage, walked down to meet her. He brought her up to the veranda and presented her to Mr. and Mrs. Drew. When the girl looked into Mrs. Drew's kind face it seemed as if it had seen her before.

A shade of sadness passed over the face of the older woman as she thought of her own lost daughter, but Mrs. Drew shook hands with the girl and led her to her room. "Oh, how pretty!" said Winifred as she entered the door. Then she turned to Mrs. Drew and looked into her eyes. All the while Mrs.

Drew was saying "Mildred's eyes." She knew that Mildred would have been about this girl's age. Winifred changed her traveling dress for a soft white and her curls were tied back with a large blue bow. While she dressed she continually looked at Mrs. Drew. Mrs. Drew told her of her little Mildred and she again looked into her eyes. Finally Mildred said "I have a portrait of my mother when she was young, and I want to show it to you." She took it out of her traveling bag and held it up. Mrs. Drew turned deathly pale, for the picture which she saw was her own. She sank into a chair to keep from falling, for a weakness took possession of every limb. "My Mildred!" she exclaimed to the wondering girl.

"Is this your mother?" she tremblingly asked when she could speak. "Yes," said Winifred. "Then I am your mother and you are my daughter." It is useless to try to write what passed between mother and long-lost daughter; but when both could speak, matters soon explained themselves. Winifred told her about the little home in Brooklyn where her supposed aunt died. "Brooklyn," said Mrs. Drew, "why, that's the postmark on the letter I received this afternoon. I believed it to be the church which I aided asking for help again and I intended to read it when I had time." She rang the bell and had the maid to bring her the letter. She looked at the postmark and found it had been delayed three weeks. She tore it open and read:

Dear Margaret:—

Although I feel that these lines will at some time reach you, yet I shrink from sending them by the one that should take them. Margaret, Winifred Winter, the young star, is your daughter. Do you remember years ago, Katie, your chum? Do you remember that when you were married to John Drew you never saw her again? When you married John Drew, whom I loved, I was so filled with jealousy that I swore vengeance against you, for I believed that you took his love from me. When I read your add in the paper, wanting someone to sew for your little daughter, I thought my time had come. 'Tis true you did not recognize me, because I had dyed my

hair a dark color. I know you are wondering what this has to do with Mildred. Mildred, as you know, grew fond of me and often she would come into the sewing room and talk with me. I have often heard that people seeking revenge will do anything and now I know it is so. One day I did not have to sew, so I loitered around the place trying to see Mildred alone. My chance came. Mildred was playing by herself not far from the house and I persuaded her to walk to the pond with me. There I had her to leave her hat and doll, telling her I could find another for her. I carried her home, dressed her as a little boy and began to pack my trunk. At first Mildred refused, but the idea of riding on the cars made her jump for joy. That night I left and went to New York. I told Mildred that I was only taking her to see New York. She was quite small and soon forgot her home. In a few years she had no recollection of home whatever. She always called me auntie and I told her her name had to be Winifred Winters. She didn't want to change her name, but I told her that all little girls that came to New York had to change their names. A child of five years is easily deceived. I put her in a good school and she learned fast. As she grew to know no other home but mine she was contented. She wanted to go on the stage, but I wouldn't allow her. I thought I would bring her up to marry wealthy so she would not have to work. Believe me, Margaret, I loved Mildred and did all I could for her. I soon grew unable to work and without my knowing it, she obtained a position on the stage. I grew worse. I knew I must confess to

someone for that was partly the cause of my illness. So I wrote the story down on paper. Don't doubt the words for they come from the lips of a woman who now sees death standing at her bedside. I dare not tell Mildred for I want to die with her blessings. But when, after my death, she reads this as I know she will, she will know her parents and forgive me.

Forgive me Margaret,

Katie.

When Mrs. Drew finished the letter there were tears in her eyes. "Forgive her, mother," said Mildred. What a lovely sound the words made, coming from lips so near her own. "I will forgive her, darling," said her mother, "but I cannot forget the great wrong done to us both."

A bell summoned Mr. Drew and Maurice. Mrs. Drew could only exclaim, "My lost Mildred," and his searching eyes read the old resemblance. He extended his arms and she fled into them.

The beautiful dinner table stood lonely waiting, for the inhabitants of that beautiful home were too happy to think of anything but each other and the long years since they had parted.

As they sat on the veranda in the moonlight those years were lived over by father, mother and daughter. A strange happiness also filled Maurice's heart, for had he not discovered this winsome girl.

Kind readers, we must not stop longer to listen to the voices on the veranda. Mr. and Mrs. Drew have gone indoors, the servants have retired, and so must we.



Lincoln High School Foot Ball Team.

Athletics at Lincoln.

By O. Haney, '09.

Although Lincoln High School has not made a marked success in every department in athletics, still, one, on looking over the records made in the two branches in which she is represented, regardless of apparent streaks of misfortune, that seemed to pursue her, cannot fail to see that she has made a steady and pleasing advancement.

After the admirable showing last season made by a team, which was composed at the beginning of the season, of a mass of green material which no one could possibly conceive accomplishing such wonderful results, it was generally agreed that Lincoln would have at least one more football team for the succeeding year. But such a one as was eventually developed was not dreamed about.

The first game, which was played with Sumner High School, caused much gloom to overspread the ranks of Lincoln rooters, and they began to think that of laborers from Armour, Swift and other packing company houses, who manliness that sweetened the bitterness were smuggled into the game under the pretext of being students of Sumner High, Lincoln's boys showed a form and of defeat to a minor degree.

Prof. H. O. Cook, the patron father of athletics, then came to the rescue of the boys and was received with open arms. He began to whip the team into their confidence had been misplaced. Of course it was the same old story re-enacted again. Sumner, through her customary duplicity of dealing, won by the modest score of 20 to 0. Although outweighted and outplayed by a bunch something more desirable, made them practice steadily and invented a code of plays that made Lincoln an adversary to be feared, and whose fine points and effectiveness were demonstrated in the last two games played by Lincoln.

The next game which was again with Sumner High caused Lincoln's colors to move high. But, oh! how different the score. Sumner High School deter-

mined to have clean sports in the school and agreed with Prof. Cook that none but school boys could take part in this game. And such a game that was played. From the beginning to end it was one continuous string of exciting play. Nobly did our boys acquit themselves, nobly did they redeem themselves from the sting of the first defeat. The enthusiasm of the rooters waxed warm and grew to such an extent that one of Lincoln's most dignified teachers so far forgot all teacherly dignity that she, too, in the great excitement predominating, became one of the yelling, joyous mob of rooters.

When the smoke of battle finally cleared away and the dirt-begrimed braves picked themselves up and prepared to depart it was found that a tally of 16 to 0 had been piled up against Sumner by the boys of Lincoln. Everyone who bore Lincoln colors was happy and went home rejoicing.

The last game of the season in which Lincoln participated, was played the day following Thanksgiving, against St. Joseph's Barlett High School at Association park. It was played before an immense crowd of about 900 spectators. The St. Joseph team, sanguine with a victory of 16 to 0 against Sumner High School came to Kansas City with the idea of overwhelming our boys; but never were they so wrong as the result will show.

Lincoln's team had worked until they were a little short of perfection, and while they were not over confident, were determined to win the game. Lincoln's line-up was as follows:

Frank Watkins	L. C.
Howard Fisher, Launey Brooks,	
Thomas	L. T.
Arthur Toney	L. G.
Edward Baker	C.
James Williams	R. G.
Mathew Proctor, Wallace Austin	R. T.
Frederick Hulbert	R. E.
Roy Lewis, Capt., Paul Crosthwait	R. H.
Claude Stirman, David Crosthwait	Q. B.

Herman HockadayF. B.
Ollia HaneyL. H.

The players who composed this team were all able ones and performed their duty down to the last man. Although some entered the game for the first time, they performed the work allotted to them like veterans. Claude Stirman, the quarter back for the team, was easily the best one that Lincoln had since the season. Ora Jacquaps filled the position five years ago. David Crosthwait, who played in the same position, although not as brawny and husky as some, displayed rare courage and coolness. Edward Baker was the best center since the season William Lewis was numbered among Lincoln's recruits. Launey Brooks, the star tackle, won much comment from the rooters, while Frank Watkins and Fred Holbert supported by their respective halves, made a combination hard to beat. Herman Hockaday, the back bone of Lincoln's back field, although not one of the showy kind of players, was sure and steady as a rock. With such a list of players it is little to be wondered that Lincoln piled up so large a score against St. Joseph.

It is almost needless to recount the incidents of the game, as it is largely a repetition of the last game played with Sumner. It was a walkaway for Lin-

coln from start to finish. Never was Lincoln's goal in danger as they kept St. Joe busy on defense. If excitement prevailed at the preceding game, pandemonium certainly reigned at this one. It will go down in the annals of Lincoln High as the greatest game in which she took part. The score was 20 to 0, in favor of Lincoln High.

Lincoln's baseball of this season is composed of an unusually fine lot of material, boys who can really play baseball. Edward Jordon is one of the best short stops that ever graced a Lincoln suit. Frank Watkins, who plays third base, is a brilliant little player who will, with a proper amount of training, make an ideal third sacker. Roy Lewis, captain of last year's baseball team, is another player of unusual ability. He capers around the second sack and covers ground like a La Joy and bats with a felicitous knock that has made the heart of many a pitcher quail. Together with Launey Brooks and Gardner Pinkney, these form an infield that would make the heaviest hitting team hustle. The team is only weak in one branch, and that is catching, although the team has lost two games, it has still a vast opportunity to add further laurels to the glory of Lincoln High School.

Music and the Drama.

'09—IZETTA FARLEY, MARY

WHITE, EDWARD BAKER—'09.

The progress of music at Lincoln High School has been two-fold under the supervision of our most efficient music instructor, Mr. Gerald Tyler. This is acknowledged by both white and colored and has caused much comment, indeed.

During the convention that was held for the teachers from different parts of the country at the Central High School last October, the choral class of the Lincoln High School was requested to present the music. They rendered "The Famine," "Sweet and Low," and "Wahonnonnin." The Famine" and "Wahonnonnin" from Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha," were made quite popular. The

Supervisor of Music, Miss Whitely, after hearing the music said: "I never have seen such splendid work before by any high school. It was superior to anything I have ever heard in Kansas City."

The result of Mr. Tyler's labor in the theory class was a new setting to the well known hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," by Miss Mary White, a member of the class of 1909. This sublime selection when presented by Miss White, startled not only those who heard at but even Mr. Tyler.

The Lenten recital given by the pupils of Lincoln High School under the direction of Mr. Tyler was gratifying in ev-

ery respect. It was of a sacred nature and was in every way in keeping with the occasion. The school was assisted by some of the best talent of the city. The program was as follows:

1. "The Heavens Resound" *.Beethoven*
School.
2. "Nearer My God to Thee"
..... *Mary White.*
School.
3. "The Legend Beautiful" *.Longfellow*
Miss Vivienne Lec, '09.
4. "Largo"*Handel*
Edward Baker, '09.
5. "At Morn"
Miss Lulu Knox, '09.
6. "Crossing the Bar."*Huss*
School.
7. "I heard the Voice of Jesus Say" . .
..... *Harris*
Mrs. Page.
8. "Evening Hymnal of the Crusaders"
..... *Gade*
School.
Solo by Herman Hockaday, '09.
9. Gavotte*Bach*
Improvisation*McDowell*
Marche Grotesque*Linding*
Mr. Dennis.
10. "My Redeemer"*Dudley Buck*
Mr. Kincade.
11. Easter*Hadley*
School.

The people that come to the city always take Lincoln High School as one of their chief places to visit. The school has been highly honored by visits from some of the best musicians of our race, among whom the following have sung and played for us: Mrs. John Wright, soprano, of Topeka, Kans.; Mr. Frank Brown, tenor of Indianapolis, Ind.; Karl Diton of Philadelphia, the most brilliant pianist of the race. Mr. Diton is a graduate and is indeed a real artist in his profession. His playing seems to say to us "The piano is to me what his ship is to the seamen, his steed to the Arab." "I has always been my very self, my speech, my life. It is the confidant of all that has moved my inmost soul. To it I have whispered all my hopes and dreams, all my joys and sorrows. Its strings have quivered under my emotions; its ready keys have obeyed my every caprice."

Others that have sung and played for us are Mrs. Abbie Mitchell Cook, soprano of New York, Miss Hubbel, soprano of our city, Herman Kincade, baritone of our city, Miss Inez Clough of Boston, who sang so beautifully the leading soprano role in the oratorio, "Mary Magdalene," given at the Central High School in April under the direction of Mr. Tyler, Edward Dennis, Kansas City's most brilliant pianist and H. T. Burleigh of New York, most noted baritone of the race and a composer of rare merit. He has been kind enough to write a special composition for the class of '09, which will be sung at commencement. Mr. Burleigh is at present a soloist in St. George's Episcopal church of New York, and is the only negro holding such a position in America. He was filled with so much enthusiasm over the singing of "Wahonnonn" and the "Famine" by the school that he said that he was going to write to Coleridge Taylor and inform him of the good work that is being carried on at Lincoln High School.

Lastly let me say that this progress in Music at Lincoln High will never be forgotten. It will remain fresh in the minds of the people for, as one writer has said: "Music, when admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit that never dies; it wanders perpetually through the halls and the galleries of the memory and is often heard distinct and living as when it first displaces the wavelets of the air "All Hail the Drama."

Miss Carrie E. Brydie presented during the second week in June in the High School Auditorium a one-act drama in three scenes, written by request of the Boys' Glee Club by Mr. James F. Browne of the faculty.

The institution is already indebted to Mr. Brown for the words of its school song; and this latest effort increased the obligation.

The story centers around that perpetually fresh and fascinating one—the love of a man for a woman—in fact the love of a man for two women—and the incidents growing out of this seeming paradox.

Orestes, a typical castaway of the cities, meets Lucilla and her mother—

wandering, homeless street singers—joins them and grows up in the closest intimacy with the daughter. Attracted by her innocence—no less than by her wonderful voice, Philemon, a celebrated music master takes her for a pupil and personally directs her musical education. In the beginning Orestes shares this opportunity; but seeing his superficiality and lack of application the master drops him, at the same time, but without success endeavoring to sever the relations existing between his self-sought pupils. The years roll on, the mother dies, and at her bedside she swears the children to everlasting faithfulness.

The time of the first scene is the evening before their wedding morn. Lucilla not having seen Orestes for some time, wanders in the direction of his lodgings seeking him. Her old teacher unexpectedly comes upon her; she tries to hide from him, but Philemon recognizes her, reproaches her, and renews his efforts to separate the girl from her lover. He tells her that the lover whom she sought and thinks ill was at that very moment at the home of a woman of a notorious character making unlawful love. He offers to take her there—to carry her there, if she failed in strength.

Angered by his upbraiding, doubting what he told her of Orestes, Lucilla, first refusing to accompany Philemon, finally consents, feeling sure of convicting the master of falsehood. She felt that, in his zeal for her, his dislike for Orestes, and his determination to part them, she had the key to his motives for such a statement.

Arriving at Clotilda's (unseen) she found Orestes, a gay member of a picnic party, and on the dispersion of the party heard him vowing undying love to Clotilda. The story concludes with Orestes' visit on his wedding morn to Lucilla, her renunciation of him, his plea for reinstatement in her affections, and her final rejection of him.

Miss Claudia Jenkins ('10) played the leading part, Miss Sara Connor ('10), Clotilda, Thomas Perry ('10), Philemon, the music master, James Williams ('09), Orestes

The success of the drama was due largely to Miss Brydie's earnest and un-

tiring effort.

The seniors gave a three-act drama in June entitled "Old Lyndon," written by members of the class. It was well played, which speaks volumes for the class of 1909, but the success was largely due to the great work of Mrs. A. H. Jones of the Department of English and English Literature. Mr. H. O. Cook of the Department of Mathematics, was responsible for the stage management of both dramas. The seniors with "Antonio" hold the world, but as the world, a stage, where each one must play his part.

Farley, Baker and White, '09.

We Have to Think.

VIVIENNE LEA, '09.

'Tis true this world was made for us,
But when we pause to think—
Oh! we would be so happy, if
We didn't have to think.

We brood o'er our cares, we can't tell why,
Often our hearts do sink;
But many a time we're heard to say,
"If I didn't have to think."

From sunrise to sunset, 'tis true,
We toil to find the link,
In the chain of life that'll bring us joy,
But then—we're forced to think.

To think of what—all our cares?
The answer comes back, "No."
We hate to think of others' cares,
But we *must* think, you know.

Then there's one hope for all of us,
We'll do our very best,
And in the end we'll surely see
The prize for thinking's Rest.

Prepare to Meet Your God.

BY LESLIE B. CHEEKS, '10.

In the hottest of the battle,
When the banner is unfurled,
When the soldiers fall like cattle,
When the darts of strife are hurled,
When the foremost ranks are falling
On the bloody crimsoned sod,
E'er his voice for you is calling,
Prepare to meet your God.

In the dawn of strife and battle,
 When hot lead like rain is falling,
 When in throats we hear Death's rattle,
 When the voice of God is calling,
 Hold! the voice of Jesus calls you
 To the path by others trod,
 Hold! Death's face comes into view,
 Prepare to meet your God.

In the day when Pleasure leadeth
 Youth, in folly's golden chain,
 When the ship no harbor needeth,
 Sailing proudly o'er the main;
 In the hours of Life's glad morning,
 Ere the pathways all are trod,
 Heed! oh, careless soul, take warning,
 Prepare today to meet your God.

ANNIE SWANSON, '10.

L stands for Lincoln, so grand and so tall,
 L stands for loyalty, for love pure and true.
 We love every space, every room, every hall,
 We love e'en our colors—the Gold and the Blue.

H stands for High, for honor, tried and true;
 Thy praises we shall sing in days yet to come.

All other schools may stand high, but you,
 Oh, Alma Mater, stand highest, as our home.

S stands for School, oh, joy of our hearts,
 For scholars and science whose maxims we are taught.

May success attend us as we play in life our parts,

May success attend "Old Lincoln," where knowledge true is sought.

Spring.

WILLIE MAY PARKS, '10.

The morn was beautiful and bright,
 The birds were singing with delight;
 The flowers were peeping from the leaves,
 The wind was blowing through the trees.

This was the day we wished to see,
 Because it filled our hearts with glee;
 And only had the day before
 Been one of sorrow and of woe.

And as the sun moved o'er the earth,
 Our thoughts were turned to joy and mirth,
 Sweet perfumes went through the air,
 And breezes blowing everywhere.

The day wore on with glories fair,
 When a slight change came through the air;
 The wind was turned from joy to pain,
 And down in torrents came the rain.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. Dorsey Brown of the class '01 is spending a few days in the city and we are pleased to note that he is holding a fine position in New York city as an electrician.

Mrs. Maggie Smith-Clay, class 1892, was elected principal of the Rosedale school.

We are pleased to note that Dr. Ernest

McC Campbell, class, '04, took unto himself a bride.

McC Campbell and Houston are the only graduates of Lincoln High School that are engaged in the drug business in Kansas City and are doing a fine business.

Of the 300 or more graduates of Lincoln High School there has not been one that has ever been convicted of any crime in this or any other state in the United States. Does higher education for the Negro pay?

This year's tax books show that the graduates of Lincoln High School pay tax on an assessed valuation of \$29,000.

It now looks as if the alumni of old Lincoln High School have monopolized the medical, pharmaceutical and undertaking business in the Kaw Valley and are now able to take care of the sick and bury the dead.

Say, boys, why not take the civil service examination this fall.

We understand that Miss Ida Washington, class 1892, gave up her job as teacher in the Philip School this winter and got married. (Just think of giving up that job in the winter time.)

Miss Inez Woods, class '06, is now teaching in Kansas City, Kans.

Miss Emma Smith, class '01, is still with the Blue Boon Opera Company.

Mrs. Fannie McC Campbell-Peck is now living in Kansas City and her husband, Rev. F. J. Peck, is one of the big men in the A. M. E. church.

When is W. T. Washington going to take charge of Washington, D. C.?

The class of 1901 still holds the record, 31 members and all doing well.

We understand that Miss Ida B. Bailey is going to be married soon, and at this time we are not able to give the name of the man.

Mr. Arthur Pullam is still managing the "Monarch" base ball team, and it is said that he is the greatest catcher among the negro professional base ball players.

The Lincoln High School Alumni Association hopes to be permanently organized next season.

We are grieved to note the death of one of our very competent graduates, Mr. Arlington Wilson. Mr. Wilson was a teacher in the state of Texas.



Lincoln High School Base Ball Team.

Wit and Humor.

Teacher—Hockaday, how would you collect hydrogen?

Hackaday—In religious battles.

Teacher—What do you mean by that?

Hackaday—Converted (for inverted) battles.

Professor—Haney, give the case of that noun.

Haney—Ncuter case, professor.

L. Smith (after making several mistakes)—The books differ; that's why I made that mistake.

Miss Jones—Which mistake do you mean?

Teacher—What is your father's occupation?

Small Boy—I must not tell.

Teacher—But I must know.

Small Boy—Do I have to tell?

Teacher—Certainly.

Small Boy (earfully)—He's the bearded woman in the dime museum.

Mother—I hope my little Tommy has taken to heart mama's talk of last night about charity and usefulness. How many acts of kindness has he done? How many hearts has he made cheerful and glad?

Tommy—I've done a whole lot of good, ma. I gave your new hat to a beggar woman, the cook's shoes to a beggar girl in busted rubbers, a lame shoestring seller pa's black evening suit the one he don't wear very much.

Wit and Humor.

Wertie Blackwell, '09.

The Principal's Soliloquy.

"Love is true,

But I must tarry

Seventy years more

Before I marry."

Prof. Cook—The clock isn't running today, is it?

Wise Boy—No, sir; it's hanging on the wall.

Prof. Walden (explaining capital and labor)—Now, if you would lend me \$25 that would be capital.

"And to get it back would be labor," interrupted Linville.

J. K.—Helena, if we should marry I

would give you anything you wish. What would be the first thing you would ask?

Miss H. C.—I would ask for a divorce and alimony.

N. R.—Professor, since we are made of dust and dirt, why don't we get muddy when it rains?

Professor—Some of us do.

Miss L. S.—Ma! Ma! There's something in my bed.

Ma—For the Lawd sake, chile, what am it?

Miss L. S.—Just me.

Wonderful Astronomy.

Mr. Crosthwait—Hazel, what is the shape of the sun?

Miss H. M.—Why, it's round, Mr. Crosthwait, like that clock.

Mr. Crosthwait—You say it's round like the clock?

"No, sir," interrupted Miss M. B. S., "it's oblong."

An Algebra Problem.

Edw. Baker, '09.

If A is the maid of winning charm,
And B is the snug encircling arm,

How many times is A in B?

He questioned quite calculatively,
She flushed and answered with air sedate,

"It's not quite clear; please demonstrate."

LULA SHELBY.

Wit and Humor.

Miss Jones—Matthew, compare the adjective beautiful.

Matthew — Beautiful, beautifuler, beautifullest.

Prof. Crosthwait—Eddie, where is phosphorus found?

Eddie—Phosporous is the constituent of all rocks.

Miss Valena Holliman, the high school poet, calls molecule mole-i-cule, but I suppose it is for the sake of rythme in her poetry.

Miss Hernon says po-tash for potash.

Miss W. B. (as the clock nears midnight)—Are you fond of music?

Mr. C. S.—Very much so. It completely carries me away.

Miss W. B. (rushes to the piano and plays several pieces)—But I see you haven't gone.

Mr. C. S. (with a yawn)—No.

Miss N. V. — Am I first in your thoughts?

Mr. G. B.—No; second.

Miss N. V.—Why, how can you say such a thing?

Mr. G. B.—Well, you see, I think of you every second, and second thoughts are best!

To Mr. A. T.—Callers who just drop in to say, "How-de-do," wouldn't keep on saying it till half past 11 at night.

ADVANTAGES OF CULTURE.

Mistress (angrily)—See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust!

Bridget (admiringly) — Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothing like eddication, after all, is there, mum?

Little grains of powder,

Little dabs of paint,

Make a woman's wrinkles

Look as if they ain't.

"Why are you looking so sad?"

J. W.—I can't find the fellow who promised me something to eat.

LATIN.

Wertie Blackwell, '09.

The Latin language first appears in history as the language spoken in the plain of Latium. In the third century, B. C., at which date it first becomes to us from extant inscriptions and contemporary history, its range was still limited to this district, although the arms of Rome had carried some knowledge of it to the utmost boundaries of the peninsula of Italy.

Three clearly marked stages present themselves in the history of the Latin

language: (1) Archaic stage, previous to the development of literature; (2) the stage of literary culture, during which the popular spoken language runs, as it were, underground, giving but few traces of its existence; (3) the stage at which the popular language reappears as coloring literature in the early century.

Latin composition should be continued after the first year, as it aids us in the study and use of English. Yet we can see that if we study Latin long enough that it has a tendency to assist in that of English, because a great number of our English words are derived from the Latin words. There is a marked relation between the two languages, and the English language is over-indebted to the Latin language in many ways.

The Latin language is now at this present time taught in the High schools. The first year Latin is a good beginning for those who intend to continue the study the next three years. Caesar is taught in the second year, Cicero in the third year. To Cicero especially the Romans owed the realization of what was possible to their language in the way of artistic finish of style. The influence of Caesar was wholly in the same direction. His own style for straightforward simplicity and purity has never been surpassed; and it is not without full reason that Cicero and Caesar are regarded as models of classical prose.

Passing on, we come to a great man, Virgil. Virgil is taught in the senior year of the High school course. In Virgil we find that the development of the Latin language reached its full maturity. The changes that he made were still more marked. Virgil was equally familiar with the Greek models of style and with the earlier Latin poets. So we see that Virgil must have been a great Latin scholar. I have often noticed in the first year of the High school course that many pupils are eager to join the Latin classes; in the second year a lesser number clamor to take Caesar. But as we reach Cicero a great number drop the study, and finally, when in the senior year, Virgil pupils are very

scarce. This year the class '09 succeeded in having eleven pupils to continue the study of Latin. We should not stop, but strive to learn more, as it may in future years be of some benefit to us.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The time has arrived when the man who does not know how to do every phase of his work well is crowded out by the man who knows. But when one looks at it from the right standpoint he will be convinced that it develops one's taste for good workmanship, beauty of design and finish. It is generally admitted by educators that "manual training stands for a specialized form of that sensory and motor training which underlies and conditions the finest fruits of mental culture."

The manual training department is under the supervision of Mr. C. H. Evans, a gentleman who is thoroughly acquainted with the work and has taught both wood and machine work in several of the largest High schools of the country.

The equipment consists of six lathes of the long leg type, together with the accessories, a combination cross-cut and rip saw which is adapted to mitering, tongueing and grooving and tenoning, a band saw of the latest type, and a grindstone with turning device. Beside the ten work benches, with the usual assortment of tools, there are router, fillister and circular planes, together with a miter box and schute board.

The power for the saws, lathes and grindstone is furnished by a large electric motor, each having its counter shaft with set and loose pulley.

The same method of instruction is used in the teaching of this work as is used in some of the scientific schools. The first year's work consists of making joints and later on the making of small articles, such as taborets and foot stools. The second year work is in cabinet making, and many tables, chairs and couches have been constructed by pupils of this and higher grades. The third year work is in wood turning, and the fourth year a continuation of this interesting work.

Along with the other work mechanical drawing is taught. The pupils are taught to make and read mechanical drawings. Without a knowledge of working drawings one's mechanical education is very defective, as everything is put on paper before being constructed.

It is said that "the basis of civilization is and must ever remain the material," and it is an educational effect of no small significance or value to be in sympathetic touch with the working world.

History.

"History is not really history except as we grasp the connection of events which succeed one another, and except it appears in its completeness as the evolution of a people."

The long string of events from ancient times on up to the present day all came just in their order, and nothing can change them. They are united just as the material in a twine string is united. Each event must be attached to the one that precedes it, and both must be read to get the connection. History is alive. Tomorrow is always bringing up some new event that increases the thought and adds more pages.

History teaches us many practical lessons. The Spartans and the Athenians have set some good examples that will stand through the ages and will teach artists lessons that they can receive from no other place or people. The statue of Zeus and the painting of Aurora are some models in art that have stood and will stand. The names and dates of battles are of little consequence and have no lesson to teach.

History learned in High school is the foundation upon which we build in college. Many students owe their first enthusiasm for the study of history to the outline; that is, the general history they studied in High school.

The study of history broadens the mind, increases power of progressive thought and imagination. It also acquaints us with the things that have gone before. Although one may be broad-minded, his education is not complete without some knowledge of his-

tory. For the past explains the present. It is in the study of history that we find out the ambition of Philip of Macedonia, the splendor of Rome and the greatness of Charlemagne. From the earliest time of government we find politics and history interwoven; they are inseparable. "No political conclusions of any value for practice can be arrived at by direct experience." In early times history was the record of the kings, but in modern times it treats of the doings of the people. The people have largely become the real rulers.

History pictures the time, the laws, the arts and progress of humanity from one generation to another. The remarkable progress in history that caused so much change was the invention of gun powder. The mode of fighting has been revolutionized. From the use of clubs by the primitive man, the use of javelins and swords by the mediæval man, the use of armor and lance by the man of the sixteenth century, there has never been such a universal change in history as when the invention of gun powder made the use of firearms possible.

Before the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1794, the cotton had been of little value, because it took so long to manufacture the raw cotton into material for wearing. But now cotton threads are made by the thousands in less time than it took to make one thread before the cotton gin was invented. Gun powder was an improvement in the mode of fighting and there has been less hostile and barbarous wars since this invention. Yet gun powder is destructive to humanity, while the cotton gin is a cause of progress in civilization. It has made clothes cheaper and more plentiful, and has helped the people to maintain neatness and cleanliness.

"Facts are the mere dross of history; it is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them and lies latent among them like gold in the ore that the mass derives its value."

ESTELLE GREER.

The Last Day.

Mary Crosby.

The deep black shadows of the night enrobed the world like a great mourning gown and over the sky hung the darkest of clouds; the silvery moon beams could not pierce its blackness, and not a star was shining; everywhere rested that inky blackness.

Not a breeze stirred the drooping leaves; everything without was as quiet as the lifeless body entombed within the grave. It seemed as tho' the universe held its breath in fear of a coming evil.

The light music played on as tho' mocking the dullness of the night, and the dancers, arm in arm, glided on to its fitful strains. The brilliant, blinding lights shut out the world of darkness; they knew not how threatening and frowning the heavens above and how dense the atmosphere, feeling like a great wet fog closed down over the city and cutting off every breath.

Darker grew the night, denser the atmosphere.

The old town clock struck the hour of 12. Barely had the twelfth stroke died away in a faint echo when there came a flash of lightning that lighted for a second the land with a ghastly light, then a low rumbling of distant thunder, then a pause; again a flash of blinding lightning, accompanied by a sharp, loud peal; the doors and windows rattled. Seven times in succession came that deafening roar, the earth trembled and shook, the walls tottered like a drunken man, and a sickening dizziness came over me. As suddenly as tho' the lifted hand of death had checked their measured tread, so did the swaying cease to move to the sound of the dreamy waltz. All for the first time beheld that indescribable darkness that the glaring walls shut out, and at every window appeared anxious faces and wild, staring eyes.

Throngs gathered in the streets, but not a baby's cry broke the stillness, not a word passed the blanched lips of the living. There was that in the surroundings that stole away the speech, numbed the senses, clasped the heart in an icy grip, ceased the blood flow of life and threw over the shivering body the chill of fear.

With bated breath we waited for what was to come; only a second we waited, but in that second we passed death in its blackest forms and looked back with dread into the frowning, flicked past. On our strained ears floated from somewhere music. It was not the piano, violin or cornet, nor the soothing strains of an organ, but music of the sweetness of which I had never heard before or since, then voices sweet and clearing singing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." The chorus came from the skies, still all was deepest darkness. Some bowed down in prayer, some in shame; some stood still, dazed by wonder. The music played on and voices still repeated, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Then slowly the darkness parted, the sun shone brightly at midnight upon frightened women and pallid faces of men. Children frightened by the sudden change, screamed and clung to their mothers. The sun shone in all its splendor, yet not a soul moved a spoke. We gazed with awe at the midnight sun, when slowly it faded, and far brighter than it shone another light. Blinded and dazzled, we fell upon the earth to shut out its brightness. I tried in vain to pray, but the words of that dear old prayer were forgotten. I tried again and again. Oh, that now I could live again that life I wasted for worldly vanities! Oh, that now I could sooth a heart my bitter words had broken; that I could give now to the beggar the crust I refused!

I tried to pray, "Our Father"—I gave up in despair. My life was ended. I was weighed in the balance and found wanting. Not since I kneeled by my mother's bed of sickness, years ago, and laid my hand in hers, had I prayed those sweet prayers she taught me in my innocent babyhood. That would dull the brightest diamond—He who bore the cross, Our Savior and Redeemer, not look into a face so holy and pure. In shame I bowed and kissed the earth. Then it seemed as though again my infancy. When in my mother's arms I heard her sweet voice singing that dear old song, "I shall be like Him when I see my Savior's smiling face." Again I tried to

pray, but could not. Again I looked heavenward. Around Him stood angels with robes of spotless white, and I saw my mother kneeling at His feet. She turned on me her sweet, loving eyes, but again I bowed my head and wept as a child. I heard her speak my name; I looked up, but her smiles were tears, her face was sad. Then the Ruler of heaven and earth parted the throng to right and left; the moans and screams from thousands rent the air. Moved by some unseen power, I passed to the left, and I heard a cry that echoed and re-echoed in my soul. My mother fell at His feet; I lifted my hands up to heaven, I longed for forgiveness.

"Too late, too late, I know you not," was the answer. I tore my hair; I buried my nails deep in my flesh. I wept in despair, but still that voice repeated, "Too late, too late, I know you not." Again that music, and the gates of heaven were closed against me, and again reigned that unearthly darkness, when flames seemed to envelop the universe and there came over me a feeling of sinking into a pit of fathomless darkness.

I awoke with a cry. It was early morning. But that dream shall not be forgotten until that last day.

History of the Class of '09.

James E. Williams, '09.

All things have a beginning; so has the class of '09. All great events go down to make history; the class of '09 may feel flattered for having a sufficient number of great events to have a history of their own. Some things are great from the beginning, but the class of '09 have acquired their fame.

Four years ago more than a hundred boys and girls entered Old Lincoln on Eleventh street. On the opening day we find our boys and girls in line ready to assume the duties of freshmen. As "verdant Freshies" there was very little doing, as the class was then unsophisticated in ways of High school life.

But to keep our "Freshie" days from

becoming too monotonous, in our civic classes, towns and villages were incorporated; great murder, slander and stealing cases were tried, in order to give the pupils some idea of how cases were dealt with in our everyday life, and incidentally to give the verbose members of the class an opportunity to exercise their vocabularies and to show how little they really knew about such affairs.

In our English classes the pupils were allowed to write their autobiographies, in which exercise everyone tried to make himself as illustrious as possible, and in their efforts to surpass the others some lives were read wherein the incidents could rival those of "Opie Dill-dock."

When the time came for us to re-enter school as "Sophisticated Sophs" we were given a pleasant surprise in the shape of a new school building, with new teachers and added departments. The honor of being the first sophomore class to enter New Lincoln was greatly appreciated, and for this and other reasons no steel band could have been made strong enough to incase our fast swelling heads.

Weeks went by and someone suggested class organization. A day was appointed, we met and a club was organized. All officers were girls. The boys then began to think of some plan by which they could overthrow this state of affairs. They thought if a boy could only become president the rest would be easy. A conspiracy was formed, out of which grew the first triumvirate, the object of which was to bring about another election of officers and by sheer force place a boy in the president's chair.

The triumvirs were Hockaday, Douglass and Williams. Like the great Roman triumvirate, each man had a different function—Hockaday for leadership, Douglass for eloquence, and Williams for ornament; in other words, he just accompanied these other gentlemen.

But, alas! like all other great triumvirates, all came to naught.

The summer months rolled by; we entered school not as "Verdant Freshies," not as "Sophisticated Sophs," but as "Noisy Juniors." In despite of this true, but misleading, name, we had the distinction of being the first class in school

to organize; not only that, but we were the richest club in school in talent, whether musical or otherwise, and in finance.

Nor was this year without conflict. The girls held the balance of power; the boys felt that they should receive more privileges; a declaration of independence, demanding a square deal, was drawn up, signed by every boy in the class and presented to the club. At first it was not considered and this was the beginning of the famous Tau Sigma Sigma, Lincoln's first and only Greek letter fraternity. The estrangement between the boys and girls was short lived; they were united once more, and things went along smoothly ever afterward. But the Tau Sigma Sigma had come to stay. The presidents of the class throughout the year were James E. Williams, Amanda Leonard and Lula Shelby, in the order named.

By this time it had been whispered that we were not only the premier class in school, but the best junior class that ever walked the corridors of Old Lincoln. It was this year that more students took up Cicero than in any of the previous classes; thirteen was the number, and all stuck together throughout the entire year, and all passed. Unlucky number, did someone say Well, hardly, for at the end of the term Prof. Dawley served the members of the class with ice cream. Now, would anybody call such a treat unlucky?

It was this year the class of '09 brought the "Noise," a strictly junior class paper, to such prominence. In the way of programs rendered we were never surpassed. Two members appearing in as many programs shall ever remain fresh in the memories of all who heard them. One was the burlesque on the class of '08, by Herman Hockaday, in our junior farewell program; the other was the response to the class of '08 by Edward Baker, last class night, which was undoubtedly one of the best ever given by a junior class.

Then came another treat. Prof. Walden, our roll call and physics teacher, entertained the entire class at his residence. We were fast becoming the elite of High school society. Last, but by no means the least, came the culminating feature of such an illustrious

year, the juniors' reception to the seniors. The enjoyment of the evening shall be long remembered by all that were present.

Thus closed the year for the greatest junior class that ever graced Old Lincoln by their presence.

Autumn came; once more we find the faithful few entering Old Lincoln, they hope, for the last time. Following up the precedent established in our junior year, our club was organized at once, with Edward Baker as the executive head, and we begun to advance not step by step, but by leaps and bounds.

In our Virgil class there were more pupils than were in all of the other previous classes combined. Eleven is our present number; this single fact, like scores of others, speaks volumes for the class of '09.

Another fact is that no other class can boast of so many sterling athletes. On the ever-victorious football team seven members were of the class of '09, five of whom were regulars. No other class can boast of so large a number.

Another singular fact is that we are the first senior class to possess all of the qualities that a senior class should have, and some that we shouldn't have. Following up the precedent of our previous year in the way of programs rendered, we rendered one that will be long remembered, the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the emancipator and martyr, Abraham Lincoln, February 11, 1909.

By the way of showing the faith that the faculty has in us, we will relate the following: About three weeks before the date, Prof. Crisham informed the class that he would like for them to have a program on Lincoln's centennial. No sooner had the words fallen from his lips than we began to prepare, and on the appointed day the program was rendered, which was said to have been the best program ever given by any class in the annals of Old Lincoln. This fact, like others, speaks volumes for the class of '09.

It would take volumes to write all concerning the versatility of this class. But we shall endeavor to give you a few facts concernig this great power. We have some of the most brilliant array of talent ever presented in twenty-eight

graduates. We have among our members pianists, a violinist of rare merit and whose technique and tone qualities are not to be surpassed, a musical composer, Miss Mary White, whose setting to "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is, to our minds, more beautiful by far than the original setting; orators, of no mean degree of eloquence; would-be dramatists and actors, vocalists and writers whose simplicity of style could rival that of an Irving; writers whose range in depth of thought is almost Miltonic.

Last, but by no means the least, is our class song, which is held sacred in the heart of every member of the class. For the words we are greatly indebted to Mr. James F. Browne, and to our own J. Gerald Tyler for its tuneful music.

Another fact of no little degree of importance is that the class of '09 is the first class to give a play, on class night or any other night, written entirely by themselves, and to have the nerve to present it.

This year marks the organization of the S. G. R. T., the senior girls' club. The meaning of the name we mere boys have been unable to ascertain, but notwithstanding this we can say that the S. G. R. T. (what that means) is the first and only sorority in Old Lincoln; not only that, but it has the distinction of being the only real literary society in school, not excepting the seven other organizations. That's a pretty bitter pill for a Tau Sigma Sigma to swallow, but nevertheless it is true.

It has been said that the class of '09 have a good opinion of themselves, the truth of which statement we make no effort to deny. The fact of the matter is we are trying to give our patrons a true account of our four years in Old Lincoln. We know that others should do the praising, but we all have our faults. Then, again, if you would succeed in this world you must let the public know something about you.

We have not always been free from petty strife and enmities, but there is not one of us that is not willing to forget all of our grievances toward one another, join hands and meet on a common level to bid to Old Lincoln and her concomitants our best goodbys, with minds ever resolved to "Follow the Gleam."



Lincoln High School Sewing Class.

Class Address.

Edward Baker, Jr., '09.

It is not in mere compliance with custom that, in behalf of my class, I bid you welcome to our closing exercises, but out of sincere gratitude for the helpful and sympathetic relation in the years now closing. The friends before us tonight hold special claims upon our gratitude. We thank you for the interest you have always manifested in the welfare of Lincoln High school and bid you a cordial, heartfelt welcome.

Tonight—

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me

That is not akin to pain,

But resembles sorrow only,

As the mist resembles rain."

For after a cruise of four long years the class of 1909 has been safely piloted into port—a port from which we must soon start on another journey, indefinite in length, over strange waters, abounding in strange dangers.

We have had many and varied experiences. At times we sailed serenely on the very top of the crested wave, exultant and triumphant; and then, like a flash, the sky darkened, the thunder rolled, the lightning played across the heavens, and we were plunged into the very abyss of despair.

"Before us not the ghost of shores,

Before us only shoreless seas."

It was in hours like these that the sturdy hand of the captain, aided by his efficient officers, gently guided the battling vessel until the storm subsided and the sea was tranquil. And now we have reached the land, we will pause but a day, then, like brave sailors, must embark from the now to the future, for the good mate shouts, "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!" We must obey the command, for in this life we get nothing save by effort. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort, the man who has those qualities necessary to win the stern strife of actual life.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust, unburnish'd, not to shine in use;
As tho' to breathe were life."

We of this generation do not have to

face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them. If we are to be a great people we must strive in every way to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues, but to meet successfully, treating them to their utmost, we must, as Tennyson says,
"Follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

We sincerely trust that our exercises tonight will cause you to give us the benefit of your approval; you will get a cursory glance at our past efforts and by using imagination you may predict or (anticipate, if you will) the success of our efforts in years to come. We hope that the interest you have shown our school in the past will increase as time goes by and that you will help the faculty, students and alumni to make it an important factor in the development of our city, of our alma mater and of our race.

Life's cares with chilling years may come,

Life's duties bring us sorrow,

Bright voices from our far off home,

May sound the call tomorrow;

A waking dream of student's hearts,

Be thou, O Lincoln, Lincoln High,

A waking dream of student's hearts be thou
High, O Lincoln High!

CHORUS:

O Lincoln High, O Lincoln High

Tho' far adown life's path we stray,

Thy memories will cheer the way

O Lincoln High, O Lincoln High

O Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln High

In behalf of the Class of 1909; I welcome,
yea thrice welcome you.

An April Day.

MARGUERITE SMITH, '10.

Two beautiful flowerettes basking in the sun
Lifted up their haughty heads on one April
morn.

It seemed the sun so brightly had never shone
before,
And many happy children were playing by the
door.

Suddenly an angry cloud o'er their heads is
forming,
And a shadow falls across this beautiful April
morning.

Then down the rain in torrents did come,
Chasing away the rays of the sun.
Thus the typical April day
Helps us enjoy the month of May.

For April's suns and April's showers
Help to make the bright May flowers.

Night.

Slowly o'er the weary city
Steals the soothing calm of night,
While afar o'er western borders
Fades the rosy blush of light.

Gently as a loving mother
Mendenhall.
Folds her sleeping babe away,
So does evening's soothing shadows,
Scatter far the cares of day.

Now the sorrows that molest us
Hide within the midnight air,
And we kneel before the Giver
In thankful, earnest prayer.

O'er the sea of starry beauty
Slowly sails the pale faced green,
Smiling down in golden splendor
On the holy and the mean.

MAY CROSBY, 'VJ.

Wit and Humor.

WERTIE BLACKWELL, '09.

The English teacher asked her class in grammar to give the feminine of the word ram. Miss I. F. responded: "Rameses."

The class was one day talking about giving a play. Mr. H. M. replied: "Let's give a 'turpentine dance.'" (Serpentine dance.)

The chemistry teacher asked the class one day which way should two glasses or tubes be placed for a downward displacement. Mr. H. H. said: "Professor, the top glas should be converted (inverted) over the bottom glass."

Mr. F. W. had taken Miss M. W. in a restaurant for dinner. The waiter asked Miss M. W. what she wanted. Miss M. W. began by ordering chicken,

etc., but Mr. F. W., being financially embarrassed, whispered to the waiter: "Liver will do."

Teacher—J. K., what is a zebra?

J. K.—It's a horse with a bathing suit on.

Miss W. B. was one day telling in the chemistry class that a chip diamond was an invitation (imitation) of a real diamond.

The grammar teacher asked for the masculine of the word corceress. Mr. J. W. replied, "Saucer." (Sorcerer.)

Oh, hush; Matthew did graduate.
N. V. and G. B. had a falling out;
I will tell you what it was all about,
N. V. had money, G. B. had none,
So that's the way the noise begun.

Mr. A. T. is the lover of two fair damsels, Miss L. McF. and Miss L. K. We don't know which holds the best hand.

Miss N. R. and Mr. C. S. play quits every now and then. I wonder what sort of a game that is.

Oh, yes, we all know that Mr. H. H. has big feet. We heard him say one day in a shoe store, "I can wear 7s, but these are 11s I have one."

Miss R. H. was seen heading a letter to Mr. O. H. It began thus: "Dear Ollia—I love you as hard as a mule can kick a stump."

Teacher—F. W., why was Sir Francis Bacon's uncle so prejudiced against Bacon?

F. W.—Because his uncle was a ham.

New Discovery: Prof. Crosthwait—Cordell, if we look into the heavens and see the great dipper and then look at the handle of the dipper, what constellation do we see?

Cordell—The great bucket.

"Old Lyndon."

A Drama in 3 Acts and 5 Scenes.

By

James Williams and Edward Baker, Jr.

Produced by the

Senior Class of Lincoln High School.

Act I.

Dramatis Personae.

"Old Lyndon."

Prof. Longfellow (Pres. of Lyndon College) Herman Hockaday
 State Senator Sorghum (Uncle of Jack) Hugh Mulholland
 Jack Willis (poor boy) Jas. E. Williams
 George Turner (rich boy)
 Edward S. Baker
 John Lawson (his chum) Ollia Haney
 "Bub" Stevenson (quarter-back)
 Frank Vincent
 Capt. Bird (of Brown) H. Mulholland
 Capt. Berry (of Lyndon)
 David N. Crothwait
 "Thirsty" Jackson (right tackle)
 Frank Watkins
 "Silent Henry" Johnson (center rush)
 Linville Smith
 Coach Barbee (coach of the Lyndon squad) Mathew Proctor
 "Billy Possum" Taft (frat man)
 Ollia Hanly
 "Teddy Bear" Roosevelt (frat man)
 Mathew Proctor
 Fold Barker (frat man) D. N. Crothwait
 "Hunry Jim" Bryant (frat man)
 Linville Smith
 Blanche West (the heroine)
 Mabel Coleman
 Dollie Gardener Amanda Leonard
 Grace Meade Netta Farley
 Thelma Williams Vivienne Lee
 Winfred Lawrence Laura McFadden
 Mildred Roberts Goldie Walker
 Amy Harford Lulu Shelby
 Rose Starks Neosha Venerable
 Edmonia Blanton Estellene Green
 Madge Longfellow Wertie Blackwell
 Olivia Black Lula Knox
 Clara Porter M. B. Smith
 Dorothy Gray Grace Newman
 Marie Bowler Nannie Richardson
 Mandy Harris Martha Washington
 Beecher Stowe Johnson Mary White
 New Discovery: Prof. Crothwait—

DRAMATIC PERSONAL.

Grace—Doll, I am so glad we reached school early. I don't know a thing about psychology.

Doll—Well, I don't know a line of German. What were you doing last night?

Grace—Oh! I sat up last night making my dress and when I finished sewing it was entirely too late for study.

Doll—Well, how is your dress made, Grace?

Grace—Oh! it is made with tucks and frills, with the Empire back, sheath effect, with the directoire sah. Oh! It is a dream.

Doll—I know it must be fearfully and wonderfully made. I sent mine to the dressmaker and she is making it to her own taste and she has such remarkable taste.

Grace—I must be studying my psychology.

Doll—Gee, I am so hungry I can't study.

Grace—Hungry! Didn't you have your breakfast?

Doll—Well, I had nothing but popcorn and milk.

Grace—Popcorn. You mean corn flakes.

Doll—Oh, well, that little old breakfast food. It is just the same as popcorn. I would rather have popcorn.

Grace—Oh! here come Rose and the rest of the girls.

Thelma—Hello, girls, what are you doing here so early?

Grace and Doll—We didn't have our lessons, so we came early to study.

Thelma—Say, girls, I have something to ask you. Did you hear one of the boys say this morning they were not going to let George play in the game?

All Girls—Play in the game! No, no, who said so?

Thelma—Why, this morning at breakfast I heard one of the boys say they were not going to let him play.

Chorus of Girls—That's too bad; so sorry; how sad.

Edmonia—I can almost see old Lyndon losing now, because George was such a good player.

Madge—Oh! don't say that. They might have someone in his place that plays just as well or even better than George.

Mildred—Yes, and wonder what Blanche will say.

Thelma—Say, girls, is George in love with Blanche? I notice he pays her marked attention.

Winifred—Likes her, well I should say. Did you see the emerald ring he gave her?

Edmonia—I wonder where he got it.

Madge—I bet he rented it.

Grace—Perhaps he found it.

Marie and Dorothy—I saw the ring, but had no idea George gave it to her.

Olivia—Well, how do you know he gave it to her?

Winifred—He did! She told me so.

(Blanche enters.)

Thelma and a Few Girls — Hello, Blanche.

Blanche—Good morning, girls.

Thelma—What a pretty ring. When did you get it.

Blanche—Oh! I have had it about a month now.

Thelma—Guilty creature!

Blanche—Guilty I remain.

Amy—How I do hate psychology.

All—Me, too.

Grace—I, too.

Doll—Girls, I tell you what let's do!

Chorus—Tell us something.

Doll—Let's study!

Madge—Oh! Ding dong bells, it don't worry me.

Mildred—Oh! you don't have to study because you are the professor's daughter, nor you, Winnie—

Grace—Because professor likes you.

Clara—Say, girls, did you hear professor say Winnie was fair?

All—Fair! Fair!

Clara—Yes; I don't think it's right for a professor to say one pupil is fair.

Winifred—Oh! he didn't mean fair in complexion. I asked him how I stood and he said, "Fair."

Grace—Fair with him, perhaps.

All—We understand.

Amy—Say, girls, I tell you what let's do.

Grace—Spit it out.

All—Tell us something.

Amy—Let's make up some questions to ask old professor to consume time.

All—Good, sure, all right.

Grace—Bully idea.

Clare—You shouldn't say that. Professor told us not to use the word bully.

Grace—What professor says doesn't worry me.

Edmonia—Why don't you have your

lessons like me?

All—Miss Studious!

(In come boys.)—Hello, girls; good morning.

Mildred—Say, boys, we don't know our lessons and guess you all don't know yours, so we are going to ask old professor some questions to consume time.

Boys—God! Bully idea! Sure! All right!

Mildred—What shall they be?

Boys—Any old thing.

A Few—Wonder where Jack is? I guess he is washing dishes.

Olivia—I can't see how Jack knows his lessons when he has to work for his board.

George—Here comes old Jack. Did you break any dishes, old boy?

Fred—You see, he is a professional dishwasher. How could he break any dishes?

A Few—Here comes old professor now.

(Students are assembled. Enter professor.)

Professor—Surely this can't be the senior class. What has come over you? You're acting like a body of students this morning. And I'm proud of it. Well, we'll review today. From the first to fifth chapter we have learned that psychology is concerned solely with what is deemed the most important organ of the human system. And we'll begin our recitation with its definition. Define the brain, Miss Meade?

Miss Meade (not knowing) — Well, professor, I had such a severe headache last night and could not study at all.

Professor—Yes; sit down. Psychology gives you those complaints. Miss Cardner, answer that, please.

Miss Gardner—The brain is a conglomeration of nerve cells and fibers.

Professor—Good. Name the divisions, Miss Porter.

Miss Porter—The brain is divided into seven divisions (thinking), and—

Professor (interrupting)—Sit down. You don't know anything about this. I guess you had the headache, too. Miss Lawrence, answer that, please.

Miss Lawrence—The brain is divided into three divisions—cerebrum, cerebellum and medula oblongata.

Professor—Good. Miss Blanton, give the functions of each.

Miss Blanton—The cerebrum is the seat of higher psychical action, cerebellum balances in walking, and the medulla oblongata is the center of reflex actions.

Professor—Very good. By what is the brain divided?

Miss Roberts—By glands known as fissures.

Professor — Yes. The brain was spoken of by some psychologists as being a wonderful piece of mechanism, being divided by glands into divisions and each performing its own particular function. Stimuli of one class are conveyed to its own particular division for execution.

(Miss Starks interrupts by raising hand.)

Miss Starks—Well, professor, suppose the brain was not divided. What would be the result?

Professor—Well, the result would be this: All stimuli would be possibly conveyed to the same portion of the brain. And none of them would receive the right execution, or the person would be deemed insane.

Miss Williams (following with a question)—Well, professor, suppose one portion of the brain be removed, then what?

Professor—Then a certain class of stimuli would receive no execution, and would also be partly insane.

Barker (interrupts)—Well, professor—

Professor (interrupts) — Sit down, please. I can't listen to any more questions. I believe this is a made-up job to keep me talking. We'll proceed. Name and explain the fissures, Samson.

Samson—Well, you see, professor, there were two fishers in ancient Greece and one day—

Professor (interrupts) — Sit down. You don't know this.

Samson—Yes, I do, professor. Let me—

Professor—Will you sit down, please.

Samson—But I wish to explain, professor.

Professor — Take your books and leave the room. (Turns to Bryant.)

Answer that, please.

Bryant (stammering) — W-w-well, yu-yu-you see, Pro-Pro-Professor, these le-le-leaders, you know, ar-ar-are ca-called g-g-glands or fi-fi-fissures, an-an-and they run a-a-across this w-w-way (crossing the head with his finger), an-an-and a-cr-cr-cross this way.

Professor (interrupting)—That will do. Sit down. Starks, give me an example of reflex action?

Starks—You know, Professor, when a fellow sits down on a pin and unconsciously get-up what he does is reflex action.

Professor—Sit down. I don't want any more such examples as that in here. One of your god friends has been sent from the room for such work, and the way is not blockaded yet. And a hint to the wise is sufficient. (After a pause he continues.) It is evident that all brains are alike and act in a like manner.

Starks (interrupts)—Professor, if all brains are alike, then a man's brain is like a monkey's, and if a man's brain is like a monkey's brain, why is not a man a monkey?

(All laugh.)

Professor (after laugh is over)—Some men are monkeys. (All laugh.)

Professor—Now, I would like to say a word at this point. This is not the place for us to be smart and cute, nor to make ourselves conspicuous.

Enter Manda (all laugh) — Good mornin'.

Professor—Good morning, miss.

Manda—You'se de 'fessor of dis college, I 'spose?"

Professor—I am one of them, miss. And with what satisfactory information may I supply you?

Manda—You means, what do I want?

Professor—Certainly.

Manda (sets her bundle down)—Well, you see I been goin' ter school down here in de country wha I came from—

Miss Meade (interrupting—Leave that part out.

Manda (rolls her eyes at Miss Meade and proceeds)—And dey don't teach nothing but readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, and I made up my mind I wanted to go to college where I could learn some

neuralgy and pschumeralogy, etc. So dat's my business here.

Professor—Very well, miss. I'll direct you to the president's office.

Manda—You mean you'se goin' with me?

Professor—No.

Manda—Well, I never find it if you don't, 'cause I'se been two hours and a haf tryin' to find dis place, and I don't propose to chase up and down dese halls any longer, so I make myse'f at home til you makes up your mind to go wid me. (Sits down.)

Professor (turns to class)—Well, proceed. George, give me the relation of age to the brain?

George—Well, Professor, I can't give you that exactly, but I think—

Professor (interrupts)—I don't want what you think. I'm trying to see what you know.

George—Well, you see, Professor—

Professor—Yes, I see you don't know. Sit down. It is the same old story in the same old way: "You see, Professor." How did you get into this college, anyway? Ah! I see. You're on that football team for today. I want to say a word to all of you. I'm going to have a respectable psychology recitation, or there'll be no football or any other athletics for any of you. Bear that in mind, please. Jack, answer that?

Jack—The brain reaches its maximum weight about the 15th year, but continues to gain until about the 30th year. And finally reaches a point where it begins to decline. Hence we get the theory of superiority of youthful brain over the aged.

Professor—Good; the best recitation I've had today. You must not be on that football team for today. What is the capacity for receiving atmospheric vibrations, Stevenson?

Stevenson—Let me see, Professor. I think about 15 to 9,000 is the limit—

Professor (interrupting)—Sit down. You don't know this. Blanche, answer that, please?

Blanche—The rate of receiving atmospheric vibrations is from 16 to 30,000 per second, and above 36,000 a sound is heard.

Professor—Good.

Manda (interrupting)—Say, Mister 'Fessor, what is dis and whar am I at, anyway?

Professor—This is the senior class in psychology, miss.

Manda—Um-hum. Well, I believe I'll take pschumnolog.

Professor—Sorry, miss, but you will not be ready for this study until 1913, when you shall be a senior.

Manda—Oh, yes, thank you.

Professor (to class)—Well, leave the brain and pass to perception. What are dreams, Madge?

Madge—Dreams are associated ideas.

Manda (interrupting)—Say, Mister 'Fesor, is dreams pschumnology?

Professor—Psychology is concerned with dreams, miss.

Manda—Lawdy, me, I'se been havin' pschumnology all my life and didn't know what it was. I had some pschumnology last night. Pa's old red cow got after me and—

Professor (interrupts)—Pardon me, miss, but will you please not interrupt us just now. Save your experiences until another date.

Manda—'Scuse me.

Professor—What are hallucinations?

Manda (interrupting)—'Scuse me, Mister 'Fessor, but is hallucinations any kin to Carrie Nation? I know her.

Professor—Miss—er—what is your name?

Manda—My name is Manda Harris Martha Washington Beecher Stowe Johnson.

Professor—Well, Miss Johnson, will you please be seated and not rise any more until you're called on?

Manda—To be co'se.

Professor (to class)—Our recitation has been greatly interrupted this morning and we'll continue our review for tomorrow. Our time is up. Class excused.

Exit class, all but George, Jack and Blanche.

Professor (to Manda)—I'll show you to the office, miss.

Manda—Yes, sir.

Exit Manda and professor.

Blanche—Oh, Mr. Willis, I learn that you have made the 'varsity. Allow me to congratulate you.

Jack—Thank you, Miss West. I greatly appreciate the fact that you are so mindful of my success.

Blanche—Yes, indeed. I was out to the last senior game and thought you played your position just grand.

Jack—O, Miss West, you flatter me.

Blanche—By no means. I am sincere.

Jack—Again I thank you. It gives me great pleasure to know you are such a football enthusiast.

Blanche—Oh, I just dote on football. By the way I must be going. I beg your pardon for detaining you, but I will see you at the game this afternoon. Good bye.

(Exit Blanche. Enters George.)

Jack—Now, isn't she just too lovely for anything?

George—Now, that's what I call nerve. Look here, Jack Willis, you want to quit holding conversation with Miss West. Do you hear?

Jack—I'd like to know when you became dictator as to what I should or should not do? Furthermore, George Turner, you are not married to Miss West, and I contend that I have a right to converse with Miss West at any time I see fit.

George—Is that so?

Jack—Not only is that so, but I believe Miss West has something to say about who shall and shall not talk to her.

George—Well, whether she has or not, the very next time I catch you talking to Blanche I am going to black your optics at the first opportunity. Do you hear?

(Exit George.)

Jack—I am tired of that fellow's foolishness and I won't stand it any longer. "Black my optics!" We'll see.

Curtain.

ACT II.

The Great Game.

George—Now, Bird, you know the signals I explained to you last night. These are our most effective plays: Tackle on tackle, 4-3-18-21 and 3-4-7-16; end 'round end, 2-1-6-7 and 1-2-3-6; and this is the forward pass, 82-2-7-6, the halfback takes the ball, criss-crosses to the right end and he passes to the left

end, who is by that time yards down the field—a splendid play.

John—Now, fellows, I haven't anything to do with this affairs, but George, how in the world can you give away our signals like that?

George—Now, John, don't be a cad? You're my friend, aren't you? You see this is a money affair to me, and I have staked all my next month's allowance on this game. I want to show Captain Berry that he did the wrong thing by throwing me off the team. Now they are going to run in a bunch of subs, farmers like that Jack Willis. What can they do

John—Well, you saw the class he showed in the last senior game.

George—Yes, and just for that they drafted him on the varsity squad. You know how awkward he is.

John—Well, you know they wouldn't have put him on the team if he hadn't been eligible. Furthermore, George, it's a dirty piece of work to give away the signals, just because you have it in for Jack and the captain.

George—Not that, John, but, as I said, this is a money affair to me. I may have to wear this suit all winter if Brown loses. I'll give you my word of honor, John, it's the best I can do.

John—Honor? George, you have no honor. Couldn't you have just as well bet on Lyndon and pulled for her? Oh! it's a dirty piece of work. Believe me, I'll have nothing to do with it. So don't drag me into it.

Captain Bird—Well, fellows, as John says, it may be a dirty piece of work, but Brown must win this game, fair or foul.

John—I guess I'll be going.

George—Very well. Good luck to you, Bird, old man, but don't forget those signals—tackle on tackle, end 'round end, and be sure you watch that forward pass—82-2-7-6. Confound it, there comes that measley Jack Willis now!

Jack—82-2-7-6! Why, that's our forward pass, and he is with Captain Bird of Brown, too. Hello! (Picks up paper.) What's this? Why, that cowardly George Turner has given away our signals. Why, that's Bud Stevenson's handwrit-

ing! O, yes, I see it all now. George was thrown off the team last week and now he is trying to make it appear that by losing him we lose all. And he tries to drag Bud Stevenson into it, too. But I'm on to your tricks, George Turner. How could a man be so base, to lower the standard of his school, his class and his team? A cowardly trick! But if I get to play, George Turner, I'll foil your plan.

Thirsty—Hello, Jack, old boy. Why weren't you out to signal practice today?

Stevenson—You ought to have been out by all means.

Silent—What are you blue about? Blanche gone back on you?

Stevenson—Don't you intend to play today?

Jack—Well, boys, I'm afraid not. Captain, is my name in the line-up? Give me a chance, won't you?

Captain—I'd like it the best in the work cut out for today. Chances are come out. You know we've got a lot of world, old man. Put on your suit and you might get to play. You know how things are. Well, there's the whistle. We had better get out and get some practice before the game starts. Come on, fellows.

George—I believe that Jack Willis is onto this trick? Did you see the look he gave me? He thinks he holds a hand with Miss West, but it's up to me to show him a point where he is wrong. Why, it was only last night, coming from the library, she told me that all he talked about was his studies and how things were on the farm, and it seemed he didn't know how to talk to a girl—those frivolous things, you know. (Cheers from the field.) Gee! but things must be getting interest for somebody. Man! did you see that punt? Brown's playing some today. Go on, Brown! Go on, Brown! Now they're going to play that forward pass. Watch Brown break it up. Wasn't that fine?—right in his arms. I told him he could break it up like that. John, I've been planing this for a week.

John—And they suspect something, too. Look how rattled they are—how excited; and that poor quarterback

doesn't know what to do. Every play has been successfully blocked and the backs haven't goined an inch. But they are putting up a stiff fight.

George—Why, John, you haven't gone back on me, have you?

John—No, George, but I can't help having sympathy for those poor boys toiling under the weight of a deed of a traitor, trying to uphold the honor of old Lyndon. While you—think of it—think of Blanche, out there yelling at the top of her voice, trying to encourage those poor boys, those manly boys—while you, you traitor, look on in silence. Now, aren't you ashamed of your deed?

George—Ashamed? Ashamed of what? Why, it's a money affair to me. Just think, if Brown wins I am \$200 to the good.

John—Money won't buy honor, George. Do you know what I am going to do I'm going to wash my hands of you—that's all.

George—Will you, at this point, let me down? It will be a blot that will forever stain my life. Shall we dissolve our friendship?

John—I have tried to have you mend your ways, but you don't listen, so I'm through with you.

George—Well, I always thought you were a mollycoddle. Now I guess you will spread it over the place.

John—No, I won't. I'll give you my hand that I'll never divulge this dirty deed, but our friendship must end.

(Enter Senator Sorghum.)

Senator—Hey, thar, young feller, is this that thar Lyndon college whar my nephew goes?

George—Now, Old Hayseed, I don't know whether your nephew goes here or not, but this is Lyndon college.

Senator—Wal, I gess this is der place. You see, I am State Senator Sorghum from Alfalfa county. I owns 360 acres of alfalfa—80 in short grass, seven children and fifty mules.

George—Aw, who asked you for all that?

Senator—Well, I wanted to let you know, young feller, who I is, by gass. I've been in the legislater 20 year, by Heck, and I'm a down-right, dyed-in-the-wool, double-distilled, rock-ribbed,

steel corrugated Democrat and a Prohibitionist, too, by gosh. I'm a plain——

George—So I see. But, old top, I'm not interested in your politics. Whom do you want to see?

Senator—Well, I come to see that nephew of mine. I heard he was in college. The last time I seen him he was no bigger'n Heck when he was a pup. You see, I thought I'd bring him some money.

George—Gee! That's good news for somebody. Who is he?

Senator—Let me see—what's that shaver's name? Dad gum my suspenders if I ain't clean forgot it.

George—That's certainly one on you.

Senator—It sho' is. But it's the first. Been in the legislater nigh on 20 year and blamed if anybody ever heard of my forgetting any name. Say, Short Grass county has the best roads in the state. I'm a farmer and I ain't ashamed of it. I look after his interest.

George—There you go again, preacher. That doesn't interest me. Who's that nephew of yours?

Senator—Let me see. Aw, yes. Do you know a shaver by the name of Jack Willis? That's him.

George—And you are his uncle, are you? Well, well. No, I don't know him—know nothing about him, either. Good day.

Senator—Well, if that wouldn't jar your gizzard! The impudence of that carrot-headed, potato-faced rascal! Ding his picter. I wonder if all the brats around here are like that. (Enter professor.) Ah! he looks like he's got some real sense. I guess I'll find out who he is. Hey thar, stranger!

Professor—Well, what satisfactory information may I furnish you?

Senator—Waal, first thing, who be you? I'm State Senator Sorghum from Alfalfa county; been in legislater 20 year. I'm dyed-in-the-wool, double-distilled, steel corrugated Democrat, by gosh!

Professor—My dear sir, politics has no fascination for me. I'm Professor H. T. Longfellow, president of this college.

Senator—You air a president. First

Senator—You be, is you? Waal, waal,

chance I ever got to see a real president. Well, one is enough for me, if they're all like you. I got a nephew here and I want to find him. Can you tell me whar he is?

Professor—Who is he?

Senator—His name is Jack Willis.

Professor—O, so you're Jack's uncle? Smart boy. He'll be something some day.

Senator—Could you show me whar he is?

Professor—Well. I think I might.

(Cheers from field.)

Senator—What's all that racket about?

Professor—O, we are having a football game; nearly all the students are out there.

Senator—All right. I'll go out there, maybe I can find him. Thank you, professor. Come up to my house in Alfalfa county—got a jug of apple jack thar 10 years old ain't never been open. Well, take keer of yourself.

(Enter Jack.)

Jack—Gee, but I'm late! Wonder how long it will be before the first half is over. There's the whistle now. Here they come—Lyndon's heroes.

(Enters squad.)

Silent—Something's wrong fellows. Something's wrong.

Thirsty—Did you see how they broke up that forward pass of ours?

Stevenson—And we banked on that, too.

Thirsty—There's a traitor somewhere

Thirsty—There's a traitor somewhere, boys, that's all.

Coach—Confound it, fellows, we can't win like this. You'll have to do better in the next half. You, Thirsty, why didn't you block that tandem? And you line men, you can't stand up and hold a team. Play low—get down! Hear me! Why, they're going through you like water through a sieve. Get down and hold that line! And you, Silent, when we played that forward pass, why didn't you knock that fullback out of the way? You were right there, too. Rotten! I'm ashamed of you. You act like babies. And you halfbacks—you're not iron men. Why don't you follow your interference? How many times

must I tell you that? There's got to be a change, that's all.

Captain—Yes, fellows, we'll have to do better. They are blocking every play, even our best. There's something wrong. Say, quarter, why don't you work on the line more? You see they are stopping all our trick plays. Play straight football.

Jack—Poor fellows. Cap, won't I get a chance to play this half?

Captain—You know, old man, the game means much to us. There's a traitor somewhere. I hate to believe it, but it must be so, for they have successfully blocked every play we have attempted. Sorry, but only our best men can go in this half. Still, there may be a chance for you yet.

Jack—Won't you let me play, Captain? I know there's a traitor and I know the man.

Captain—What! You know the very man?

Jack—Yes, but this is not place to discuss that. Won't you let me play, Cap? Give me a chance.

Coach (entering) — Lay down there! Lay down! What are you doing standing around? I thought I left you resting; instead you arguing about something.

Thirsty—If I only knew the traitor! I'd fix him.

Coach — Traitor? Traitor nothing! You're not playing the game. Brace up, boys, put some life into your plays.

(Whistle.)

Captain—Fellows, don't flunk, don't fail, but hit the line hard.

(All leave but Jack.)

Jack—O, God, if there was ever a time when I could be of an assistance to my fellow being it is now. Is it possible that I am to stand by in silence and see my fellow teammates imposed upon? Why didn't I tell them when they were in here? Now I cannot; it is too late. (Cheers from field.) Stop him, Thirsty. Stop him! Good boy, good boy. Now, Lyndon, hold that line, hold it, hold it! Set in there, half back, break up that interference, break it up. Now, end, get your man—fine, boy, fine. Fall on that ball! Ah, that's the best center Lyndon ever had. Did you see that play? Now

they are calling 4-3-18-21. If that don't get them I don't know what will. Now, tackle, hit that line, hit that line! Ah, blocked. Oh, George Turner, how could you be such a traitor? Oh, if I could only get in the game. If I could only share their abuses with them. Thirty-five yards to the goal. Now, Stevenson, punt that ball, punt it. You can do it, old man. Put it! That's it. Oh, blocked again. Why don't they call 10-2-16-44—that's the only play they haven't called today. Quarterback, can't you think of that number? Run yourself. Can't you think of that combination—10-2-16-44, 10-2-16-14? (George enters.) George, you coward, just look at what you have done! You are the cause of all this.

George—What are you talking about? (Taking paper from his pocket.) Let me tell you one thing, George Turner. You have given away our signals, and I have sufficient evidence to prove it.

George—How are you going to do that?

Jack—Didn't you drop these signals? Don't deny it, George Turner, for I saw you drop them and I heard you explain them.

George—That's not my handwriting, and furthermore, Jack, you are a liar. You didn't see me drop them, nor did you hear me explain them.

Jack—Who's a liar George, you have got to fight me for this.

George—No, I won't. I won't spoil my hands on you.

Jack—You won't? Well, we will see. (Cheers from field.)

Jack—And it's one of Lyndon's men, too. It's the quarterback. The game's gone now. (Captain, Stevenson, etc., enters.) What's the matter, Captain?

Captain—Hurt pretty bad, Jack, and you are the only man that I feel I could trust at this critical moment.

Jack—Me, Captain? Me?

Captain—Yes, Jack, you.

Jack—This is the happiest moment in all my life. I'll win this game and Blanch.

George—Win Blanch! Ha, ha. He may win this game, but Blanch never. (Cheers from the field are heard.) Now, he is calling 10-2-16-44—that quarter-

back run. Why didn't I think of that? Look at that splendid interference! Nobody to stop him, and he has passed the ten-yard line. On for a touchdown. Why didn't I think of that 10-2-16-44—10-2-16-44. (Exit. Enters everybody—boys, hero, and coach. Three cheers are given for Lyndon, three cheers are given for Jack. Score is counted. Every one passes off, yelling, leaving squad on stage.

Coach comes in. The squad gives a yell:

"Three cheers for Coach Barbee.

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Coach Barbee! Coach Barbee!!"

Coach—Boys you are all right. Jack, you are another Tod Jones. You saved the day for Lyndon.

Captain—Boys, I want to thank you for the splendid assistance you gave me this afternoon. Your teamwork was perfect and I know without your work Lyndon could not have won the game today. Well, boys, let's shell out of these rags and go and eat.

Member of Squad—Now you're talking.

Member of Squad—Just think what I could do to a sandwich right now!

Captain—Well, head on. Everybody's hungry.

(Laughter and song from squad.)

Curtain.

ACT III.

The Reception.

Scene — A Fraternity House. The meeting and reception.

Captain—Well, boys, let's have a meeting. It's just about as good a time as any.

Squad—Sure, sure; let's meet.

Silent—Nice idea, too, while Jack's away arranging the refreshments.

Captain—Well, fellows, the meeting to suffer the penalty the same as any—called to order. You all know what we are here for. It is to find out, if possible, who was the traitor that gave away our signals. It's a settled fact that it must have been a member of our squad, for we took extra precaution to guard against spies from Brown during our practice.

Stevenson—Mr. President, not speaking ill of any member of our squad, I hate to believe that there is a traitor amongst us, for every one of us is a Greek letter man, and a man taking the oath of the Tau Sigma Sigma is bound to be loyal and on the square toward his fellow teammates, but this is the time where personal feelings must be trampled upon.

Thirsty—Mr. President, I sincerely believe that Jack Willis is the traitor.

Several Members—So do I! So do I! Me, too!

Captain—You are all out of order. How could you fellows accuse Jack of such a crime, one who in just five minutes of play saved the day for old Lyndon? But, as we have said before, this is not the time for us to let our personal feelings control us. If it can be proved that Jack is the guilty party, he will have body else.

Silent—It surely can't be Jack.

Thirsty—It could be Jack, as well as any one else. Couldn't he have given away every signal but the quarterback run? Then, just to play the hero, come in and win the game with it? He knew that was the only one Brown couldn't break up.

Stevenson—Aw, dry up, Thirsty. Your premises are unsound. You talk like a man up a tree!

Silent—Furthermore, Thirsty, didn't Jack win the game? You at least ought to give him credit for that; the rest of us couldn't do it.

Thirsty—Why, Silent, are you in the slique, too? Well, we don't intend to win games by foul means, nor do we intend to praise a self-made hero. If that's your dream, Silent, you'd better wake up.

Captain—Now, boys, don't get too personal. I know how things are. Why, here comes Jack now!

Boys—How are you feelin', Jack?

Captain—Boys, we're still having a meeting. Come, have a seat, Jack. We're having a serious discussion about the game. This afternoon you said you knew the traitor who disclosed our signals. If so, now's the time to show him up.

Jack—Fellows, our code of signals,

written on this paper, is in a handwriting that is familiar to all here, but, take it from me, the writer, I sincerely believe, is not the traitor.

All—What do you mean?

Jack—I mean the man who wrote these signals is no other than our quarterback, Stevenson.

Stevenson—Allow me to explain, fellows.

Jack—I have the floor!

Captain—Proceed, Jack.

Jack—You know, fellows, when I met you in our dressing room, just before the game, as I entered I saw George Turner and Captain Bird of Brown leaving by the opposite door. I heard George say, "Remember 82-2-7-6" (our forward pass), and, glancing down, I saw this slip of paper on the threshold of the door. I observed that our forward pass was the last on the list, and the probabilities are he had explained the others, for in the second half I noticed how easily our plays were broken up. When I was put in I noticed our quarterback run was the only play that was not on the list. So I called it and it won.

Captain (taking the paper)—Stevenson, is that your handwriting?

Stevenson—Yes, Jack is correct. I wrote the signals and gave them to George Turner.

Captain—What? You gave George Turner our signals?

Thirsty—See, fellows, I told you there was a clique, and it's up to us to root it out right now!

Stevenson—Let me explain, Cap?

Captain—No! No explanation is necessary. We have the facts from your own lips and you must suffer the penalty.

Stevenson—I know I'm in a critical position, but I can explain it all clearly. As you know, George was a member of the team only a few days before the game; and, as he was playing the important position of right tackle, it was necessary that he should know the signals. So I wrote them for him just the night before he was thrown off the squad and never for once did I dream of his keeping them. There isn't a man here that did not hear him say: "This

is your day, but mine is coming." Isn't all this evidence enough to exonerate Jack and me? Are we to be victims of circumstance?

Captain—Boys, I believe what Stevenson has told us. Do you?

All—Yes! Yes!

Captain—Well, let's all shake!

Silent—Mr. President, I move that the rules be suspended and Jack be elected Captain of our next team by acclamation.

Billy—I second the motion.

Teddy—Aw, it's useless to go through the rest of it. Jack is the new cap—that settles it.

Thirsty—Fellows, I feel I owe an apology to Jack and the squad for the harsh things that I have said against them tonight, and I stand ready to take back every word. I wish to propose a cheer for our new captain.

All—Hurrah!

Say, fellows, here comes the girls.

First Girl—Oh, my, but you boys did splendidly this afternoon. I'm tickled to death that we won.

Second Girl—I just know we were going to win, although things did look pretty tough for a while.

Third Girl—And where's the poor boy that got hurt? I hope it was not serious.

Stevenson—Never felt better in my life.

Blanche—And Mr. Jack—where is he? He's such a splendid player, and just think, this is his first year on the varsity squad. He's just simply grand!

Billy—Say, but Jack is certainly making a hit with Miss West!

Teddy—And, believe me if George doesn't hurry Jack will beat his time yet.

Fourth Girl—Oh, I'm going to get the first dance with Mr. Willis. May I have it, Mr. Jack?

Jack—The pleasure is all mine.

Fifth Girl—Oh, I wanted the first dance.

Blanche—I did, too.

Jack—Now, that's too bad. You'll be next, and you next, and you, and you, and then you.

Fourth Girl—But I'll have the first one.

Teddy—Oho, the popular kid!

Chorus—Oh, here comes "Prexy."

All—Speech! Speech!

Professor (getting on a chair)—Young ladies and gentlemen, really I have no speech to make. My little say will come later. Let's begin the program.

All—Speech! Speech!

Professor (returning to chair)—Well, if you compel me I guess I must say a few words. You know how I feel about the game and the outcome. I am too full of joy for words, but I will say this much to the team: You have won a signal victory, yours is the best football team in the state, and I will conclude by saying that this night's reception has my heartiest approval. I thank you.

(Three cheers for "Prexy" as they retire.)

Blanche—George, May I have a word with you?

Blanche—I shall be honored with the opportunity.

Blanche—It has been whispered around that there was foul play of some kind on the part of some member of the team. Is there any truth in the matter?

George—In other words, you mean there was a traitor on the team?

Blanche—Yes. What do you know about it?

George—Not a thing. I am shocked to think of such a thing, but really I know nothing of it.

Jack (entering)—I beg your pardon, but this is my dance, I believe

Blanche—To be sure. You will excuse me, Mr. Turner.

(Jack and Blanche leave.)

George—Curse him! I wonder what he's up to now. That fellow's getting on my nerves! He's getting mighty thick with Blanche here of late. I can't see what she sees in him. He hasn't got a thing. I wonder where he got those clothes he has on tonight."

Enter Mandy—At las'. Say, mister, is this the Towser sic'em sic'em infirmity house? I hears you gwine to have a shindig over here, so I's come. Whar's the man what run off wid dat ball? I'se wants to take just one dance with him.

George—Here's some fun. Say, you can find him right in the ballroom there. Go up and demand your dance. The pleasure will be all his.

(Laugh heard in reception hall. George looks in and laughs. Enter several from room.)

Blanche—Mr. Willis, you're such a graceful dancer.

Jack—Thank you, Miss West, you're complimentary. You know I could dance all night with you and not tire.

Blanche—It's really a miracle that you are able to dance at all after such a hard-fought game.

Jack—Why, in your presence, Miss West, all sense of pain vanishes. We are forgetful of our many bruises when we look upon the bright faces of such charming young ladies as are present tonight, and a—

Mandy—Mr. Jack, please do me the favor of taking this dance with me?

Jack—Very sorry, but this is engaged.

George—Blanche, I have a confession to make. I lied to you a while ago concerning the affair this afternoon, and I haven't feel right since. I know all about it, even to the man. With any one else I might have gone on, but with you it's different. I have always loved you. Let me—

Blanche—Don't go any farther.

George—But let me tell you how happy I shal make you. I—

Blanche—I can't listen to one who acts the traitor.

(Enters Billy.)

Billy—Hello! What's up?

Blanche—Oh, Mr. Turner was telling me a dreadful story and it took possession of my nerves.

Billy—I wouldn't be a bit surprised. George certainly can tell awful stories.

(Enter students and president.)

President—George, you'll find a telegram in the hall from your father. He wants you immediately. (George leaves.) His father is bankrupt.

Jack—Oh, that's too bad!

All—Bankrupt? Too bad, too bad.

(All form in groups to talk it over.)

Jack—Miss West, I'd like to tell you something.

Blanche—What can it be?

Jack—Why—er—a matter concern-

ing ourselves. May I go on?

Blanche—Well—y-e-s.

Jack—You know, Miss West—

Blanche—Call me Blanche.

Jack—Well, then, Blanche, during my entire four years in old Lyndon I have liked you, but being compelled to work my way through, with no clothes, no money, even poorer than a church mouse, I dared not tell you of my feeling.

Blanche—Why, Mr. Willis?

Jack—Say Jack.

Blanche—Jack, then.

Jack—I was a greasy elbowed, country lad, while you were used to boys of the George Turner type. I thought I could never talk to you, but I find that my dream is to be realized at last. You know a rich uncle has come to help me and I shall wash dishes no longer.

Blanche—How fortunate.

Jack—But even more fortunate and happy will I be if you will only let me love you.

Blanche—Why, Jack, they're looking.

Billy—Say! What's up? Oho! I think I can announce an engagement.

Girls—When is it to be, Blanche?

Fiss Frisky and Miss Dolly, in chorus

--Let me be bridesmaid.

Boys (to Jack)—Say, old man, congratulations.

President—Well, with our congratulations, let's proceed with the program.

(Finis.)

Our Alumni.

Misses Nellie Thomas '06 and Lorraine Richardson '07 are both at Kansas University this year. They entered the Sophomore class in the fall of '08. They are both studying music along with the course.

Miss Anne Crosthwait, who attended Fisk University last year, is at Kansas University. She made Sophomore class.

Misses Mabel Billo and Mabel Emery are in the graduating class at Lincoln Institute.

Miss Vera Weseley '07 is still in Chicago.

Mr. James Fourd '08 attended Kansas University this year.

Mr. Earnest McCampbell '04 has taken his M. D. degree at Washburn, To-

peka. He has since married and is practicing in the city.

Mr. Wendel E. Green '04 is in the successful in passing the Missouri State Board examination.

Mr. Woodie E. Jacobs is dean of the pharmacy business at Topeka. He was college department of a strong university in Mississippi.

Messrs. Thomas McCampbell and William Houston have a fine drug store at 2300 Vine street.

Mr. Herman Kincade '08 has much improved under the careful vocal and instrumental instructions of Prof. Jerald J. Tyler.

The ladies of '06 do not fancy single life, evidently, from the number of them that are married: Mrs. Zella Garbon Arnold, Mary Richardson Walker, Myrtle Lewis Hubbard, Goldie Conroy Yeargins, Sidonia Simpson Black.

Miss Myrtle Foster '06, having taken a normal course at Lincoln Institute, has been teaching in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Blanch Roberts Thompson and Mable Wheeler Warrick; both of '05, are doing well with their families.

Mr. Arthur Pullam '07 is a postman in the southern part of the city, and has a fine "postman junior."

Messrs. Marion Sparks and Charles Hargrove, both of '07, have taught the past year in Missouri.

Miss Pearl Sparks '06 has been teaching in Palmyria, Mo. She was very successful in her work.

Miss Wilmer Campbell '07 is a pharmacist at the People's drug store, after taking her degree at Kansas University.

Miss Irene Reaves '05 is still the clerk at Lincoln High School.

Mrs. Willa Bigsby '07 is the matron at Lincoln High School and is very helpful to the girls.

Mrs. Lade Nelson Smith is still in the city.

Miss Ruth Knox has been teaching in the kindergarten department of the Attucks school.

Miss Estella Christian '05 is at Kansas University again.

Mr. Henry Collins '02 is taking a course in Fish University, where his fine work secured him a scholarship.

Mr. Lee Whibby '07 is still a mail

carrier for Uncle Sam.

Mr. G. W. K. Love '01 is holding a position in the city treasurer's office under a Democratic administration.

Mrs. Birdie Price Neal '00 is living in Missouri City, Mo.

Mr. Hugh Jones '07 is "floor manager" at Knox' 10-cent store.

Mrs. Dr. Bartley Oliver Lambright is doing nicely and always "at home" to her old friends of Lincoln High school.

Mr. I. M. Horton '00 makes an active president of the Molly Groves Mining Co., which has secured valuable copper properties in Montana.

The many friends of Mr. Bryant Wilson '02 were pained this spring to learn of the close of his active, useful life in Texas.

Miss Cherry B. McGill '03 is active in church and Sunday school in St. John's church, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Rothie Wise Williamson '04, after completing a course in Lincoln Institute.

Miss Cora Carr '07 is at Fisk University, specializing in music. Her teachers send excellent reports of her work.

Miss Sadie Boalware '08 and Joshua Rice '07 are in Denver University and are holding their own with their fellow pupils of the dominant race.

Mr. Edw. Parrish '08 is a student at Manhattan Agricultural College, Kansas. Wherever Parrish may be he is "making good."

Mrs. Lizzie Moore Hill of '94 is now living in Chicago.

Mr. John I. Teague '95 is a successful physician in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Fannie McCampbell Peck '98 is a valuable assistant to her husband, Rev. William Peck, in his efficient service as pastor of Allen Chapel.

Miss Laura Osborne Hale '98 is living in Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Lydia D. Lockridge '99 makes a fine school principal in Kansas City, Kansas.

Miss Inez E. Woods '99, after several years of successful teaching in Topeka, is now an assistant in the Douglass school of Kansas City, Kas.

Mr. Dorsey B. Brown of the class of '01 is in our city after several years of study and work in Andover, Mass., and

New York City. He is making a successful electrician.

Messrs. John Harvey Renfro and Edw. B. Thomson '01 are among the best school principals in Missouri. If we had more such young men the "negro problem" would be near solution.

Mrs. Mattie Hall James '01 is a valued worker in Sunday school, church and women's clubs in Independence, Mo.

Domestic Science and Domestic

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live
without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live
without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

Lula Shelly '09.

Some have defined cooking as the art of dressing and preparing food for the body by means of heat or fire. Cooking may either be called a science or an art, but it is really both. The science tells what should be done and why, while the art takes hold and does the thing. The one is theoretical and the other is practical.

In the early Christian era the methods of preparing food were very crude among the poor classes of people. It is true that we read of great feasts that were given in Greece and Rome, but these were among the nobles, and the poor classes did not know the best methods of preparing their food, and it is said that they suffered much from indigestion.

At first it was thought that women were natural born cooks and did not need to learn the art, but later, in the nineteenth century, the people began to take the subject more seriously and then rapid progress was made. Scientists began to give more attention to the study of nutrition; much was done to educate the people in the best methods of preparing food; experiment stations, for the study of food and its best preparation scientifically and economically, were opened in the United States. Finally the study of cooking was introduced into the schools and now schools

have been established where nothing is taught but domestic science. Cooking is also taught in many of the high schools.

In our high school a two-year course is given. Miss Fredericka D. Sprague, a very competent teacher, is at the head of both the sewing and the cooking departments. We not only learn how to prepare the food that it may be palatable, but we also learn its nutritive value and what foods to combine. Our course includes the study of the human body, digestion, nutrition, care of the sick, care of infants, etc. The study also teaches us not to make the mistake that Nora made.

"Gracions, Nora," called the housewife, impatiently, "isn't dinner nearly ready?"

"No, Mum," responded Nora, through the speaking tube, "it won't be ready for two hours yet."

"Two hours? Why, what in the world is the cause of the delay?"

"Why, Mum, you said you wanted split pea soup, an' faith it has taken me two hours to split three hundred peas, an' there are four hundred and seventy-nine to be split yet. Oi counted them meself."

The cooking department is fitted up with twelve small gas stoves with ovens, a large gas range, long tables forming a square, a dining table, a large wall cupboard and all of the necessary cooking utensils.

Cooking is a very useful and necessary art. I believe nothing pleases a person more than to partake of a well prepared meal. Every woman should be well acquainted with the proper methods of cooking. In cases of illness a person's life often depends upon the food that is given him to eat. Invalid cookery teaches us how to feed the sick. Infant cookery is also of much importance. Thus we see that cooking is a

wonderful art.

Ever since civilization began there has been need for some kind of sewing, and the farther civilization advances the more complex the art of sewing becomes.

At first all sewing was done by hand, which was a very slow and sometimes tiresome process. Next, a very crude form of sewing machine was invented, and now at the present time we have machine fit to do nearly all kinds of sewing, and garments are made almost entirely by machines. Some machines make all kinds of laces and embroidery work in a short time, which it formerly took so long to make by hand.

Sewing is very necessary and is now taught in the public schools. Almost every girl or woman knows something about sewing, but there is so much to learn about it that one never feels that she knows enough. Sewing is also very useful. All of our wearing apparel has to be sewed. If we learn to make our own garments we save money. But of course sewing is like everything else—everybody cannot sew well.

When we first take up sewing in the high school there are the different models that we have to make, on which we learn to make the different stitches, including patching and darning. Then all of the under garments are made, the patterns for which we draft. The last garments that we make are the plain shirt-waist suit and the tailored suit, with a tight fitting waist lining for a draped waist.

The sewing department is a large room which contains several large polished sewing tables, two ward robes, several sewing machines, some of which are automatic, and dressmakers' forms. There is also in the sewing department a case with glass doors in it, where the finished sewing is put for the inspection of visitors.

THE LINCOLNIAN

Statistics.

NAME.	CHARACTERISTIC.	CHIEF JOY.	AIM IN LIFE.	CHIEF SAYING.
Neosha Venerable,	Noisy,	Boys.	To marry George,	"To love and to be loved."
Herman Hockaday,	Feet,	Courting,	To get,	"Not yet, but soon."
Lula Shelby,	Talking,	Sewing,	Dressmaker,	"Ah, forget it."
David Crosthwait,	Swift,	Same,	Public eye,	"Ex-cuse me."
Izetta Farley,	Faking,	Talking to girls,	Society Jake,	"He's after me."
Ollia Haney,	Powdering,	Fainting,	To be a dude,	"That's the very worst thing you can do."
Edna Herndon,	Loving,	Cooking,	Prima donna,	"He's cute."
Laura McFadden,	Rocking,	Drawing,	To cook for nice man,	"Handle me with care."
Lula Knox,	Farring,	Talking nothing.	Artist,	"Bat your own ball."
Goldie Walker,	Always	Eating,	Nurse (I wonder what),	"Love Me and the World Is Mine."
James Williams,	Hungry,			
Mabel Coleman,	Walking.	Late hours,	To be good looking.	"Fondle Me."
Mary White,	Small,	Music.	That's a secret,	"That Baby Doll."
Magdon Tindall,	Fiding,	Singing,	Be a Padrewski,	"Strong in will to be tall."
Vivienne Lee,	Fussing,	Correcting teachers,	To marry,	"Ain't I cute?"
Linville Smith,	Griming,	Asking questions,	Be an old maid,	"Smile and the World Smiles With You."
Vertie Blackwell,	Being			
Nannie Richardson,	Sedate.	Teating molasses,	Grow mustache,	"Somebody's Sweetheart I want to be."
Amanda Leonard,	Stalling,	Not recting,	Get a tall beau,	"I don't know that."
Hugh Monholland,	Nodding,	Crawclading,	Actress,	"It's simply swell."
Kstellene Greer,	bashful,	Century Theater,	Be a peddler,	"That's the dope."
	Being Slow,	Dancing,	To be a clown,	"Well!"
	Gray Sox,	Fiddling,	To pull teeth,	"Don't flinch, don't fail, but hit the line hard."
Edward Baker,	Thin,	Coming to school late,	To have a 12-room modern home,	"I wonder who he is?"
Grace Newiman,	Boasting,	Midnight walking,	To be an angel,	"Gee, but I'm happy."
Frank Watkins,	Playing,	Jumping,	To be a shoe massager,	"Tip on kid."
Lorana Lee,	Being Broke,	Undertaking,	To be an E-Z-mark,	"No more school for me."
Matthew Procter,	Studious,	Teaching,	Commencement,	"We just stepped aboard."
Mary Woodland,	Meddling,	To dress well,	To look dashing,	"All right, Chiefe."
Frank Vincent,		To be a "lawyer,"	To be a "lawyer,"	

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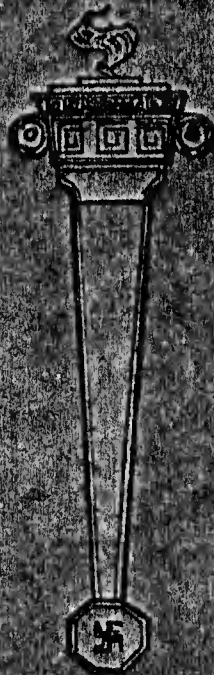
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